

# NAPANEE

\$1.00 Per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

J. C. DREWRY, Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT., FRI

## A FEW REASONS WHY

### BAKER, the Furniture Man,

Sells such stylish and good Furniture so cheap.

He believes that turning over his stock four times a year at 10 per cent. profit, is better than only once at 25 per cent.

He don't trust your neighbor and not get his pay from him, and charge you extra to make it up.

He buys the best, and buys for cash, and thereby gets good discounts which you get the benefit of.

He knows how and where to buy, so as to keep up with the style, and consequently carries no old stock.

He has his ALL at stake and aims to please, so as to induce you to come again when you want anything in his line.

An extra choice stock just to hand, especially adapted for the holiday trade.

A nice easy Chair or a set of Furniture is just the thing you want for a Christmas present.

A full line of Rocking Chairs just received for the Christmas Trade.

Remember the place

BAKER, MARKET SQUARE, NAPANEE.

## GEO. A. BLEWETT

Old Established, Flour, Feed, Grocery and Provision Store, 155 Dundas Street, Napanee.

G. A. B., in accordance with periodical custom, begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the numerous friends and customers who have so far favored him with their patronage and support.

G. A. B. avails himself of this opportunity to invite attention to the low price goods he is offering and wishes it understood that he is in a position to give better bargains than ever before, having on hand one of the largest stocks of Flour, Feed, Grain, Fish of all kinds, Groceries and Provisions, Salt in barrels and Dairy Sack Salt. Having bought in large quantities and for cash, I am selling cheaper than any house in the trade. My "Cream of the West" Flour gives my trade a wider representation than any Flour in the market. The great care exercised in selecting, the perfect mode of handling, and the exquisite flavor it imparts to the bread, have created an almost world-wide reputation for the genuine brand, only to be bought from me. Buy only Cream of the West Flour for bread and cake, and Bridal Veil, one of the best Pastry Flour made and the cheapest Pastry Flour bought. If you give Bridal Veil one trial you will use no other Pastry Flour.

**TEAS**—A large stock just coming and selling low. My 40 cent tea, price reduced to 5 lbs for \$1. I am selling 12 lbs fine tea for \$1.

**SUGARS** are away down and prices are reduced to suit the times. Yellows are low, and 13 lbs. granulated sugar for \$1.

**FRUITS**—A full new line and the cheapest in the town. A large stock of Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron Peels, and a large stock of Raisins, cheap, 20, lbs. for \$1; 16 lbs. Currants for \$1.

Oat Meal and Corn Meal, Rolled Oats, Germ Wheat, Pearl Barley, Prepared Oat Groats, Cracked Corn and Cracked Oats always on hand; Salt and Fresh Water Herrings and Cod Fish just in. Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Give me a

## 2 Large Stores IN 1.

—GREAT—

## Clearing Sale

—AT—

## ROBINSON & CO'S

From now until February 1st, 1890.

Great Sale of  
Dress Goods,

Great Sale of  
Mantlings,

Great Sale of  
Millinery,

Great Sale of  
Flannels,

Great Sale of  
Blankets and Tiedowns,

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we

Herrings and Cod Fish just in. Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Give me a call and get some good bargains.

GEO. A. BLEWETT.

Telephone connection No. 1.

# JOHN C. HAWLEY

—FOR—

## GOOD BOOTS

—AT—

### LOWEST :-: PRICES.

## ROBLIN & FORD

If you want a useful article for a

### XMAS PRESENT,

Come direct to us and get a

NICE SEAL,

### PERSIAN LAMB

OR AN OTTER CAP,

or anything else in

### GENTLEMENS' GOODS

AT LOW PRICES.

## ROBLIN & FORD.

SANTA CLAUS



### HEAD-QUARTERS

—IS AT THE—

### 7 CENT STORE.

This is the CHEAPEST PLACE IN NAPANEE to get Christmas Presents for old and young. Big little, rich, and poor, can find what is required in our grand assortment of Christmas Goods in DOLLS, VASES, CHINA CUPS and SAUCERS, MOUTH ORGANS, TOY TEA SETS, TOY FURNITURE, KNIVES, DRUMS, STEAM ENGINES, PURSES, TOY CROCKERY, WATCHES, TRUMPETS, TOPS, GLASSWARE, WRITING DESKS, TOY DOGS, CATS, BIRDS, DUCKS, and thousands of Novelties at the

7 CENT STORE, West of the Campbell

Great Sale of  
Shirtings,  
Great Sale of  
Cottonades,  
Great Sale of  
Linens,  
Great Sale of  
Heslery and Gloves,  
Great Sale of  
Carpets,  
Great Sale of  
Oil Cloths,  
Great Sale of  
Curtains,  
Great Sale of  
Mens' Furnishings,  
Great Sale of  
Ready-made Clothing,  
Great Sale of  
Ordered Clothing,  
Great Sale of  
Boys' Clothing.

We are desirous of clearing our entire stock before stock taking on 1st February. We want your custom because you will find it to your advantage to trade with us. We have the

Largest Store,  
Largest Assortment,  
Cheapest Goods.

## Robinson & Co

Successors to Downey & Co

# EXPRESS

\$2.50 if not paid till end of year

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1889.

VOL. XXIX, No. 3.



CHRISTMAS bells are ringing,  
Angels Pæns singing -  
To day the Savior's born.  
Away all thoughts of sadness.  
Break out in songs of gladness.  
This Happy, Happy morn.



## Firemen's Oyster Supper.

The crowd at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, evinced the esteem in which the Firemen of Napanee are held by the community. The Hall was decorated with flags and mottoes welcoming the guests. The firemen, who attended to the tables, were dressed in their neat uniform and presented a fine appearance. The crowd

## Christmas Goods and Useful Articles.

I have much pleasure in announcing that I have now on hand a complete stock of Christmas novelties, and a full line of ladies wear. Fancy goods, great variety. Orders taken for fancy goods. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Remember the place. Miss H. Dettler's, Market square, next door to Paisley House.

—Are you going to get married?

## TORY HEELERS

### TRYING TO WORK THE TOWNSHIPS.

#### Falling the Wires From Napanee.

Last week a load of local Tories took the trouble to drive out to Roblin with a view of co-ercing their Richmond brethren into fixing the ticket to suit the Napanee ring. They went as far as Jimmie O'Brien's hotel but were afraid to venture to the hall, where a meeting was in progress. Finally W. C. Scott, the Grit editor of the Tory organ, was sent out to reconnoiter. He ventured into the hall, was invited to speak, but excused himself by saying that he had nothing to say. The crowd thought that Mr. Scott's excuse was like his so-called editorials, altogether too thin, and told him so. He was plainly informed that the people of the township of Richmond were quite capable of looking after their own affairs without being served to any "Beaver soup," etc., etc. In fact the editor of the Beaver had a very uncomfortable time of it and was glad to get back to the hotel without a ducking in the Salmon river. A consultation was held and it was decided to hold an adjourned meeting at Selby, which took place last Monday evening. The cause of all these gatherings is that Peter W. Daffoe refuses to pay second fiddle to Thomas V. Sexsmith, and wants to run for reeve, or nothing. The Roblin crowd say that if Mr. Daffoe will oppose Thomas V. Sexsmith, that they will support him, otherwise they will oppose him tooth and nail. The latest report is that Thomas V. has withdrawn and that Mr. Daffoe will oppose Ira B. Hudgins. We have a list of the names of those who formed the self-constituted deputation to Roblin but refrain from publishing it, as the parties feel very much ashamed of themselves.

Ira B. Sills is daily being promised support from men of both sides of politics. He is a capable man and will doubtless be elected by a handsome majority.

#### ERNESTTOWN.

The gage of battle has been thrown and accepted and the first week in January will be a hot time in Ernesttown, even if the thermometer goes down to zero.

Last Saturday night a load of Napanee Tories, headed by the Beaver's Grit editor, went to Odessa, and insisted on a full tory ticket being nominated. There was considerable demurring on the part of the victims who were asked to sacrifice themselves on the party altar, but threats and pleadings had their effect and five victims were chosen. These are their names.

For Reeve—Arnold P. Booth, (he who acknowledged getting a package of money in one of the elections, but never reported as to the spending thereof.)

For Deputy Reeve—Michael Asselstine



presented a fine appearance. The crowd was so great that it was half past eight before the last tables were cleared, and the intellectual part of the programme was commenced by a speech from his Worship the Mayor. He, in a few well-chosen remarks, congratulated the Firemen and citizens on the great success of the Oyster Supper. First on the programme was an instrumental selection by the 47th Battalion Band, rendered in a style, showing they have lost none of their former proficiency. Next in order was a fine selection played on the piano, by Miss Chambers, with her usual brilliancy, eliciting a hearty approval from the audience. Then came a reading by Perry Scott, selections from Mark Twain and Eli Perkins. Miss Hypatia Fox performed charmingly on the piano. At this stage of the proceedings the Chairman invited all the members of the Town Council present to take a seat on the platform and show their handsome faces to the audience. Councillor Gibbard particularly being named. He declined the honor, giving as his reason that "he was very comfortably situated where he was." This remark brought the Pastor of the Western Methodist Church to the front, who, after peering in the direction of Bro. G., coolly took his seat remarking that he only wanted to see if Bro. Gibbard had a lady along side of him. The audience appreciated the joke and made the welkin ring. Another instrumental selection by Miss Chambers was followed by a reading "William Brown of Oregon," by Mr. John Robinson, Merchant, which was well received. The next in order was a reading "Arrarstarcus studies Elocution," by Mr. Jas. Furguson, Hardware Merchant, which pleased the crowd. Prof. Kennedy gave one of his grand selections, ending with "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, rendered so sweetly that the audience were spell-bound till its conclusion, then arose such a shout of approval as the old hall has seldom heard. This was the first encore of the evening and was responded to by the Professor. The Rev. C. O. Johnston, Pastor of the W. M. C., came forward and made one of his inimitable addresses. "Manhood and Humanity" were the leading subjects touched upon, in such a manner as to thoroughly interest and get hold of the sympathies of his audience. No man on the platform in this Country knows how to get the heart string of his hearers better than does Mr. Johnston. His eloquent speech was followed by a song, "Have Courage my Boy to say No," sang to his own accompaniment, in Mr. Johnston's free and happy style. The audience were delighted with the speech, but the song set them fairly wild. An encore called the gentleman to his feet, when he very coolly announced that he never sang twice at once, and the audience had to be content. The evenings entertainment ended by the Band playing "God save the Queen." We congratulate the Firemen on their big success.

#### Ontario Business College, Belleville.

A remarkable photograph was taken in January, 1889, containing representatives from ten different provinces, states and colonies then represented among the students. A photogravure copy, (reduced in size) sent free to any address. Solely on its merits and the success of its graduates, the College, (now in its 21st year) enjoys a reputation throughout and beyond this continent, and an attendance so notable and extensive. The College Circular and interesting and valuable copyrighted matter sent free. Be careful to address,

ROBINSON & JOHNSON,  
Belleville, Ont.

—Are you going to get married? Get the wedding ring from F. W. Smith & Bro. They will engrave the ring and sell you the marriage license and keep mium until the event is over.

#### To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address to B.J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust that all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."

—Weddings rings, wedding rings, a full stock at F. Chinnecks jewelry store.

#### Centreville.

We are pleased to hear that the services of Mr. Huffman have been secured as teacher of the Centreville school for another term.

Some of our boys would need three hands while out driving, or a good whip-holder.

Lincoln R. was out driving on Sunday last. Chief looked well and so did Lincoln. Too bad to get left under such circumstances, Eh, Lincoln?

Prayer meeting will be held at Peter Vandewater's on Sunday evening next.

Mr. James Rombough, with a gang of laborers started on Wednesday morning for the back woods.

Mr. Wm. Bradford lost his sheep on Friday last, and don't know where to find them.

We expect the boys will be thick in our neighborhood during the holidays, as our lady teachers will all be home.

Mr. Henry Barrett is home from Michigan.

Rumor says there is going to be a Concert and Conversation in aid of the R. C. Church, some time soon.

Don't forget our annual tea meeting in Town Hall Centreville on New Years eve.

#### Croydon.

Our quarterly fair was held on Wednesday last, quite a number of cattle being offered for sale.

We understand the Reeve and First and Second Deputies are to meet on Monday next at Centreville, too bad to leave out Hodge and Dulmage. A change from Mr. Hodge in this corner would do no harm. He would do well enough in the Agricultural show, showing for his own special prize, but not for councillor. Mr. Baker, first-deputy, is going to have the village map business investigated after election. What is he giving us, chaff or taffey? But what has the Camden council done in the last ten years? Everything that has been ruinous to the farmers and tax-payers in general; the Colebrook bridge for instance, and several other things too numerous to mention.

#### Rose I.

I can state that w low Oil with great cuts, burns, chap recommend it to many different way

as to the spending thereof.) For Deputy Reeve.—Michael Asselstine, the same Michael that "Derb" beat out of sight last January.)

For Second Deputy Reeve.—Lewis H. Stover.

For Councillor.—Will Fraser and Will Armstrong.

It was currently reported that A. P. Booth was about moving to Kingston, and that he was very anxious to keep out of the field this year, but the threat about losing the contract for Hannel was too much even for Arney's nerves, and he reluctantly consented to again suffer defeat at the hands of I. O. Fraser.

The electors of the various townships will do well to ask themselves why the Napanee clique are trying so hard to get "suitable" candidates in the various municipalities. We give them fair and timely warning that there is a big scheme on foot whereby certain parties living in Napanee will try to gain a big advantage for themselves at the expense of the people living in the townships. Hence their activity. Be warned in time and if you wish to save yourselves heavy financial burdens, steer clear of the candidates nominated at the dictation of the Napanee clique. Remember what we say and if you catch them in your locality endeavoring to work up their infamous job, run them out. Electors! Vote against the candidates of the Napanee ringsters.

#### SHEFFIELD.

The condition of the finances of the Township of Sheffield are a fair sample of towny management. For several years Benjamin Detlor and ex clerk Shields ran things as they liked and when the new council came into power the finances were badly muddled. An audit was made and after careful examination it was found that about \$7,500 of good money had been used up within a very few years, in addition to the amounts raised by taxation. The township at one time had a School Fund of \$5,000. That is all gone. \$1,337.85 of the Sinking Fund has been used up, and there is a liability of about \$1,000, for borrowed money. The present Council have squarely faced the difficulty and have succeeded in straightening out the muddle. In this they have been assisted by Clerk Ayleworth and Treasurer Way. It was found necessary to levy a rate of twelve mills on the dollar, this year, in order to get matters squared up. Ex-Reeve Detlor and his associates had been in the habit of levying a rate of only ten mills, with the result that \$7,500 of money has been used up as above stated. The present Council believe in paying their debts as they go along, and raised sufficient funds to do so, and no more. Had the Detlor crowd been equally honest they would have had to have levied even a higher rate, for the Council of 1889 have been especially economical and careful. We commend the above facts to the electors of Sheffield.

#### RICHMOND.

Before going to press we learn that at the meeting held at Selby last Monday night, it was decided to let P. W. Dafos run for Reeve against Ira B. Hudgins. This is anything but pleasing to Thomas V. Sexsmith, as he don't like being crowded to the wall by the Napanee clique. A. Hewitt will oppose Ira B. Sills for the Deputy-Reeveship and will get badly beaten. Craig Carecallen will run for the Council.

#### A New Element

be infused into the blood of the weak and diseased, who suffer from disease of the liver, bowels, kidneys or blood. The blood constituent is supplied by Burdock which repairs waste, drives out and restores health to the entire



# PARDONED AT LAST.

A THRILLING CHRISTMAS STORY, BY "JACK FROST."

How Myrtle's little heart fluttered. This was indeed love's triumph—something to be proud of. He had met her as a simple maiden, and here was her apotheosis surrounded by nobility, wealth and worth, in a hall of dazzling splendour, the observed of all observers.

She felt her father's arm tremble, and knew that he, too, had recognized the fatal likeness.

Looking up, she saw his face was as pale as death, and that his eyes literally blazed with suppressed fury.

She trembled lest, at that moment, he should say or do something to be regretted.

But he soon recovered composure, and only Myrtle knew of the terrible tornado that had raged in his breast.

Miss Becky Pride, however, saw the startling expression that had leaped into Mr. Dene's face, and, having heard the name of Peyton announced, thought that perhaps Myrtle had confessed all to him, and this was his way of showing his disapproval.

"He will never consent to the match," she thought, exultingly. "That child will find that he has a will of his own which will not bend, even to her pleadings."

The guests, most of whom were familiar with grand displays, were perfectly enchanted with the gorgeous appearance of the apartments.

But the gardens, as arranged under Mr. Dene's directions, were a *chef d'œuvre* of art and elegance, some striking surprise being in store for his visitors whichever way they turned.

Meandering passages led to tents of Eastern splendour in one direction, and to torchlight retreats of flowery sweetness in another.

All was managed with such mastery of deception, that of the three apartments constructed in the gardens, and approached from the principal ball-room through the aperture of a vanished window, not one could be reached but by a complication of arcades.

These were dazzling with a thousand many coloured lamps, yet so mysteriously devious from the labyrinth-like caprice of their direction, that those who sought the brilliant Eastern tent were likely enough to find themselves in the shady bower of exotics; and eyes longing for the soothing repose of this dimly-lighted retreat, might be dazzled anew by emerging upon a lofty chamber of rare brilliancy, where the gaudy decorations of a Chinese saloon were simply superb.

Although there were neither locks, bolts, nor bars for love to laugh at, yet that mischievous god had something left him to do this occasion—both Myrtle and Erle Peyton were longing for an opportunity to steal blissful half hour or so to spend in each other's society.

On Myrtle's part this was hard of accomplishment, for she was literally besieged by a young *beaux* to have their names placed in her programme.

At last she succeeded, and escaped to the garden, but not unobserved. Miss Becky had kept an observant eye upon her, and was repaid by seeing this manoeuvre, the purport of which she rightly divined.

"This is agreed of you, Myrtle," whis-

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps Miss Dene's mother was a connection of the family; did the duke's sister ever marry?"

"Yes, made a mesalliance, my dear. I remember the commotion it caused at the time. The duke was furious, and refused to have anything to do with the pair—her husband was a physician, I believe—to be ably rich, handsome, and an Englishman."

"You have met him, of course?" she asked, somewhat eagerly.

"Me—no, never!"

"And pray, what became of them?"

"Oh, they left France! You see the duke was related to Royalty and made the place a little too hot for them; it was said that the husband—but excuse me, I see the dear Countess of Berks wants me to make up a four at whist?"

And so Becky lost the sequel to that story, nor did an opportunity occur again that night for re-opening the topic.

What she had heard did not exactly suit her wishes—it was too favourable; there was nothing discreditable in being connected with a duke; but there was something else behind all this, was to her mind a certainty. If, as she suspected, Dene was the husband of the duke's sister, why did he wish to keep the matter a secret?

This fact, once known, would prove an "Open Sesame" to the best houses in England, and be a sure passport to Myrtle, who could look forward to making a brilliant marriage.

Miss Pride was not a woman to allow the matter to remain in abeyance; so next day, at luncheon, she began her campaign.

"My dear," she said, blandly "I had a high compliment paid to you last night, by no less a personage than Lady Rose."

"Indeed!" said Myrtle, stifling a yawn, while her father, after excusing himself, looked at his letters.

"Yes; she said you bore a remarkable resemblance to a distinguished lady she met in Paris, many years ago."

Mr. Dene looked up sharply; but immediately resumed his reading.

"And pray, who might it be?" asked Myrtle listlessly, feeling no interest in this gossip conversation.

"The sister of the Duke of Brittany," she replied sweetly, keeping her eyes fixed on Mr. Dene, who gave an involuntary start.

As Myrtle made no reply, but only looked furtively at her father, Miss Becky pursued:

"The story of that lady's life was quite a romance; she married an English physician."

"Nothing romantic in that, surely?" said Mr. Dene, caustically; "what was the fortunate individual's name, pray?"

"That Lady Rose could not tell me; it appears the duke was most unkind about the marriage—old families are very prejudiced—but, if you would like to hear more about the matter, I will call upon Lady Rose with pleasure."

"Thanks; no, Miss Pride, you are too kind. I assure you the matter possesses no interest for either myself or Myrtle," he replied coldly.

She had too much tact to pursue an unwelcome theme, and changed the conversation with considerable adroitness.

"It never rains but it pours," is a true saying, which was again exemplified in Miss

taking care of me while I was with you. What did you do? Half-starve, cruelly beat me, and keep me ignorant. Surely you cannot expect me to feel grateful to you, Mrs. Skinner?"

"I thought you might help Jack and me a bit. We're only poor folk, a pound or two a year won't hurt you."

"Perhaps I will help you; but it will depend upon yourself whether I do so or not. In the first place, you must never come here again; in the next, you must go back to the old place. If you agree to these conditions I promise that my father will settle an annuity upon you which will keep you in comfort for the remainder of your days."

"It is very kind of you, miss," said the harpidan, becoming suddenly respectful; "but it wasn't altogether for money I came. After you left, someone called and asked after you."

Instantly it occurred to Myrtle that it was the duke on her track, and an expression of terror leaped into her face and eyes that did not escape Mrs. Skinner's powers of perception.

Was it a gentleman? she faltered, "and had he a mark on his left cheek—three moles in the shape of the letter V?"

"Yes, he had; and there was a lady with him. You see they saw your likeness in the window of that photograph chap, and then they looked me up, and Mrs. Sinclair; but, of course, I couldn't tell them much. I didn't know where you had gone to, you see; neither did Mrs. Sinclair."

"Did they seem anxious to see me, or leave any message?" asked Myrtle, an icy chill at her heart, for she had a presentiment that should the duke and her father ever meet again, it would bode ill for one or both.

"They asked me to write, if I could find you."

"What address did they leave, have you got it by you?" Myrtle asked eagerly thus showing her hand to this rapacious woman.

"'Twas somewhere abroad; but I gave it to Jack and he lost it, most likely lit his dratted pipe with it," she answered, taking a huge pinch of snuff to clear her head.

"You are quite sure you have lost it?" Myrtle asked, anxiously.

"As sure as that I'm getting awful thirsty," said Mrs. Skinner. "I always like my drop of beer at this time of the day, with half a noggin of gin in it."

Taking out her purse, Myrtle poured its contents into her lap, saying:

"Take that for the present; you shall have more soon; and now I think of it, you might be more comfortable at London than at the old place. Leave me your address, please; I will write to you."

Martha Skinner was cunning enough to see that the interview had lasted long enough in her own interests, and took her leave, professing the utmost devotion for her foster child.

A part of her story was true—a lady had called and inquired for Myrtle; the gentleman was a pure myth introduced because of Myrtle's precipitate questions and description.

"Thank heaven, she has lost the address!" sighed Myrtle, on finding herself alone; "I must not let papa know of the duke's inquiry, it would only worry him."

If only she had known what fateful issues hung in the balance, she would have confided all to him without reservation.

"Well, Martha, what luck?" asked Jack Skinner, somewhat huffily, "got the cold shoulder, eh?"

"That don't look like it, Jack," she

pered her lover when she joined him. "My mother has done nothing but talk of you all the evening. When may I speak to your father, my darling?"

"It has gone as far as that, has it?" murmured the eavesdropper. "I expect you won't find him as pliable as his daughter, young gentleman!"

Myrtle did not reply to his question at once—a nervous dread was upon her lest this evening should prove the death of that love which had proved so sweet to them both.

"I think you had better not say anything to my father at present. I hardly know how to frame a question I must put to you. You will not be vexed. You would not if you only knew how much depends on your answer. Until it is answered, I dare not meet you again!"

"Has someone been slandering me, Myrtle?" he asked, quickly. "But that would be impossible—I have not an enemy in the world that I know of."

"But my father has—one who is bitter and implacable. I wish you did not resemble him so closely," said Myrtle, sadly.

Miss Becky Pride listened now intently; she was on the eve of learning some secret which might aid her in her schemes.

"Whom do I resemble, my darling? Surely you would not punish me because of that?" he said, smiling at her seriousness, and making light of what naturally appeared to him a matter of trivial import.

"The Duke of Brittany," she said; each word pronounced slowly, as if she feared to speak them—as if they contained a doom.

His light laugh reassured her, when, catching her in his arms he kissed her, saying—

"My darling, I never even heard of such a person! How it comes about that I should resemble him so closely is a matter of surprise to me as well as to you. Have I lifted a load off your mind, eh! dear one?"

"Yes; oh! I am so happy now—I could sing with delight. Until I received your answer I was most miserable. I shall be able to tell papa everything now. When he knows I love you he will not mar our happiness, I'm sure."

Miss Pride had heard enough, and had no wish to remain and listen to—what would prove to her—love's insipid nonsense.

She made a note on her tablets, and on re-entering the brilliant salon her smile was more seraphic than ever.

Fortune seemed resolved to shower its favors on her this evening, for one of the dowagers of fashion made room for her at her side, and forthwith began to ply her with questions about Myrtle and her father, to all of which she gave wary replies.

"I have been puzzling myself all the evening as to who it is Miss Dene so closely resembles," remarked the dowager; "and at last my memory has befriended me."

"That is nice," Miss Becky chirruped. "I have often found myself in a similar dilemma. What a blessing a good memory is!"

"Mine is excellent; I can recall scenes of many, many years back. You see, dear, I'm not afraid of people guessing my age" (this with a little cackling laugh). "Such a one I recall now, when the very double of Miss Dene was present; face, hair, eyes, figure, voice alike. It was a splendid affair at St. Cloud, and all the haut ton of gay Paris attended, nor was Royalty absent, of course. Yes, Miss Dene ought to thank me when she hears I have said, and maintain it, that she is the exact counterpart of the Duke of Brittany's sister."

The governess dropped her fan in her excitement. Here was a clue which she determined to amplify.

Becky's case.

She was taking the air on the front lawn when a strange individual approached.

Becky could not forbear smiling at the grotesque figure—that of an elderly hard-featured woman, dressed in a yellow gown ornamented profusely with gaudy flowers, worked in colored worsted, and wearing a coal-scuttle bonnet.

Bobbing a courtesy, she said:

"Can I see Myrtle Dene, ma'am?"

"You mean Miss Dene!" said the governess, with some asperity, not liking the familiarity.

"Of course—of course, though she was always Myrtle to me. Lor bless you, I had the bringing of her up from a baby, and used to call her Myrt for short, you see."

Good heavens! thought Becky, "what an odious creature! I must get rid of her somehow; she will bring disgrace on us all if the servants get to know of this."

"I think you have made a mistake, my good woman," she said, with ill-concealed hauteur.

"Oh, no! I haven't, begging your pardon; I saw her out driving. I hope she isn't too proud to speak to her poor old foster-mother!" said Mrs. Skinner, stoutly; "my good man Jack and me live at Chelsea now. We're nice and handy to the child, and mean to see her often."

Before Becky Pride could reply, Myrtle came out; on catching sight of her, Mrs. Skinner flew towards her with outstretched arms, exclaiming:

"Tis her, my own bonny Myrtle!" and before Myrtle could prevent it, she was enfolded in her strong arms, and smothered with kisses.

Many a person in Myrtle's position would have shown anger at this unpardonable display of hypocritical affection on the part of one who had treated her with almost cruelty.

But she resolved to take it all in good part, and not to give her governess a chance of humiliating her.

As soon as she could free herself from the creature's odious embrace, she said:

"Dear Miss Pride, this is my old nurse, Martha Skinner. I had no idea she was in London, or I would have sent for her."

"There, ma'am, didn't I tell you my Myrtle would be pleased to see me?" the virago exclaimed triumphantly, "she's none of your stuck-up marmas. I brought her up too sensible for that."

To use a homely simile, all this took the wind completely out of Miss Becky's sails.

One thing she was forced to admit—that though young in years, Myrtle was more than a match for her in the art of dissimulation; and from that moment she began to respect, almost fear, her.

She merely bowed and walked away, lest Myrtle should deem her inquisitive; besides, there was nothing more to learn, for both Mrs. Skinner and Myrtle had confessed the truth of their relations.

Myrtle led the way into an ante-room, and closing the door turned to Mrs. Skinner, an angry glitter in her eyes, and said:

"Why have you come here?—why did you not write to me first, Mrs. Skinner?"

"Don't be angry, Myrtle! You see I saw you out driving and found out that you lived here. Jack and me had a talk, and we thought it better for me to look you up—how's your father?"

"Now, Mrs. Skinner, let us understand each other: you think my father is likely to bribe you to keep silent—is that not so?" said Myrtle, absolutely.

Mrs. Skinner looked guilty, and Myrtle pursued:

"Not one penny piece will you receive in that way; there is nothing in my past to be ashamed of. I find you were well paid for

answered, showing him quite a little pile of gold.

"Phew! it's grand—first rate. I'll run and fetch something from round the corner, and some 'baccy; I feel awful for the want of a smoke," he suggested, snatching up a sovereign and hastening out on his errand. Now, matey, how did she look? he asked on his return, having first made himself comfortable.

"Like a hempress; ler bless you, Jack, it would make your mouth water to see all the fine things; she was a little crabby at first."

"What about?"

"My going there. And she didn't forget how I used to cuff her; but, bless you, it was all for her good, wasn't it now?"

"Of course; 'spare the strap and spoil the brat' is true as the gospel," he assented.

"She took me all aback at first, and warn't going to give us a penny piece, unless we went back to the old place out of her way; but I told her summat about a lady and gent calling, and bless you! she got as mild as mother's milk."

"Some one she's afreedom of?"

"Yes, mortally afreedom of by the look of her face. We're to have so much a year for our nat'ral lives, Jack, and a pound or two extra thrown in."

"For keeping her secret, eh?"

"That's it—she's like that under us," she asserted, placing the point of her thumb on the rude table.

"We'll keep it down on her, too. What sort of a crib is it, matey—easy to crack?"

From this point, the conversation was carried on in confidential whispers, but to their mental satisfaction.

Meanwhile a scene of a totally different character was taking place at Fairlawn House.

Myrtle, with flushed cheek, was seated on a footstool, her head resting on her father's knee.

"So you love him, Myrtle?" he asked sadly.

"Yes, papa; oh, so dearly! He saved my life. You would have had no daughter now, but for him."

"Am I to be lonely again, child? Think of what I have suffered! You are the only link now that binds me to life."

"But I would never leave you, papa," she said tenderly; "in Erle you would find a son."

"Listen, child; I have kept nothing back from you. If the world only knew that I am an escaped criminal, condemned for the crime of attempted regicide, not one of those high-born men and women we received here and who smiled on us but would frown, and this man, who has won your heart, would perhaps scorn you."

"Papa, oh, no, no!" she cried, with a shudder. "Erle loves me too dearly for that."

"Have you the courage to put him to the test?" he asked, quickly.

"It is your secret, papa. I dare not tell him."

"Would it be honourable to keep it from him? Some day, when you were his wife, the truth might reach him, and then his whole life might be made miserable. I did not dream love for another would fill your heart so soon; if I could only establish my innocence all would be well."

"But you know you are innocent, dear papa."

"What of that?—who would believe it? One man only could make my innocence as clear as noon-day."

"And he is?"

"My mortal enemy—the Duke of Brittany, your uncle; from what you know of him, through me, is it likely he would do that?"

"Yes; if I pleaded to him on my knees. fr



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A PERFECT FOOD FOR THE SICK  
A WARMING & NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE

I am like my poor dead mother, the sight of me might touch his flinty heart."

"Your mother pleaded for me in vain, child. If ever he and I meet—and something tells me we shall—I will force him, to do me justice, or—"

That awful look came into his face had seen there twice before: once at first meeting, again when he saw Peyton, and she shuddered visibly.

"It's not right, child, that you should share the weight of my heavy cross," he said, sadly, after a silence of some minutes' duration; "I will leave you all my wealth and hide my head in some foreign land; no one need ever know that you are the daughter of a convict."

Springing to her feet she threw her soft arms round his neck, crying:

"I will not accept the sacrifice; I will give up this love and live only for you, trusting that heaven, more merciful than man, will one day make your innocence as clear as the noontide."

"And you would do all this for my sake?"

"Yes, even more. Have you not suffered? are you not my own dear father? when you were free, did you not hasten to me and make me what I am? You will not find me less noble than you."

"I thank heaven for having given me such a child!" he cried, her pressing to his heart; "it gives me courage, hope, trust in the future."

"Let us go away from England, papa—to America—I could learn to forget him there," she said, her lovely face was aflame with the resolution of a martyr.

"I am safer in England, child; let me think, Come to me in an hour's time—I will have decided by then," he said, kissing her fondly, and pushing her towards the door gently, but firmly.

When she came back to him, she saw at a glance how hard a battle he had been fighting with self.

His face looked haggard, his forehead seamed with furrows, but his eyes shone bright and clear, as if that hour's conflict had brought him peace and resignation.

"Myrie, you need not give up the man you love; Heaven send that he may prove worthy of you," he said, calmly.

"But, papa, think of our secret!"

"I have, child; it is safe in our keeping. I have wealth and a true friend in Paris, who will freely spend his time in tracking the witnesses who were suborned against me—what they did for gold then, they will undo for gold now."

"That's my own brave papa; it would be an ample revenge indeed to show the duke up in his character to the world."

"Aye! and make him disgorge your mother's fortune," he said, with an exultant smile; "together we will fight him in a way he little dreams of."

"Is he aware of my existence?"

"He thinks you dead. Some day his eyes will be opened, and then our opportunity will have come."

"Are you sure my mother is dead?" she asked, almost eagerly, for it flashed across her brain that perhaps it was she who had called at Mrs. Skinner's to inquire for her.

"Yes! with fiendish cruelty your uncle sent me on a certificate of her death."

"But he might have been deceiving you, papa."

"I verified the particulars for myself after I escaped. Some day I shall take you to see her grave," he said, brokenly. "My poor Marie—my angel wife!"

Burying his head in his hands, he wept silently, and in her eyes his grief was too sacred a thing to be intruded upon. So she stole from the room softly, more resolved



it might unsettle his future plans.

Life now, since her father's decision, had become rosy once more, and full of light and colour. She could continue to love Erle; there was no need to stifle her heart's best affections—to go about in the world with a widowed heart, for some day—it might, perchance, be years—she would become his wife, but never till her father's innocence was established.

She was glad she had confessed to her all noble father—the man who had suffered a martyrdom for love for her mother.

He was a man to feel proud of—to almost worship, and but for her lover she would have gladly gone to some far off settlement in the wilds of America, and with him have spent a free life. In fact, had her father proposed such a thing to her when they first met, she would have hailed the proposal with unalloyed delight—it would have suited her then untamed nature. But love's chains held her enthralled, and she would make such a sacrifice for her father's sake even now, yet the wretch would be fearful.

She had learned to love the pleasant ways of society, and looked forward to a happy future—such a one as wealth and a happy, contented home had in store for her.

Her pillow of roses had scarcely a single thorn in it; she would be happy, and strive to make those around her happy, too.

Halycon dreams these, which might, or might not, be fulfilled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A Woman's Absent Mindedness.

"One of the worst cases of absent-mindedness I ever heard of that was of one of my lady passengers?"

"What were the circumstances, Captain?"

"She was a Paducah woman, about forty-five years old, and she had a horseshoe with her which she had found on the way to the boat."

"Well?"

"She brought it along, she said, because finding a horseshoe while on a journey was the surest sign of good luck. But what do you suppose she did next morning?"

"Give it up."

"Searched under her pillow, got her false teeth, packed them in her valise, and put the horseshoe in her mouth. And, mind you, she never discovered her mistake, either, until she went to the breakfast table, and there she calked her jaw with the toe of the shoe, while trying to get away with a beef-steak."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

#### Stick-to-itiveness Won.

Edith—"I promised to marry Fred last night."

Ella—"It was only last week that you told me that you really hated him."

Edith—"So I did; and I meant it, too."

Ella—"Then you have changed your mind. What caused you to do so?"

Edith—"No, I have not changed my mind; but, you see, Fred used to be a life insurance solicitor, and so he would not take 'no' for an answer."—[Detroit Free Press.]

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Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

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Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

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Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of them Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

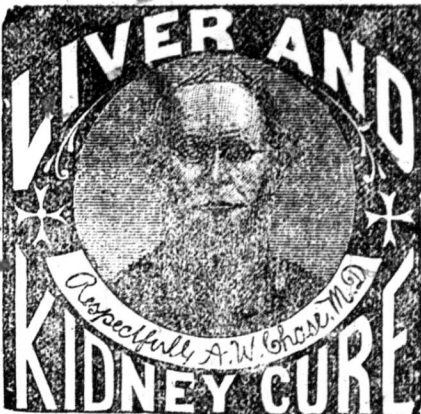
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#### SYMPTOMS OF

LIVER COMPLAINT. — Pain under shoulder blades, jaundice, sallow complexion, a weary, tired feeling, no life or energy, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, spots, pimples, etc.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Width of nostrils in man or beast, although in the former hardly a type of beauty, is taken to signify good breathing power. Recognizing this also that victory on the playing field in violent games usually rests with those who possess the best staying ability, footballers at the leading United States colleges have actually invested a machine for the extension of the nostrils. It's a curious framework of wire, a parallelogram in shape, a third of an inch wide, about an inch long, and is inserted into the nose to expand the nostrils. Though uncomfortable to the wearer and likely to complicate such cracks on the nose as are often received in foot ball, it admits a more rapid supply of oxygen to the lungs and is supposed to increase the player's staying power. A device which will give more life, excitement and danger to foot ball by expanding the nostrils seems to be of vastly more value to some college students than learning what might expand their brain.

While on this subject, I may be allowed to quote liberally from a letter signed by the well known initials "T. C. P.," than whom there is no better authority on the practical or financial branch of breeding in the country. Here is what he says, and to me it appears that his views are well worth weighing:

"In the face of the fact that 80,000 grade shorthorn bullocks have been exported this year from Montreal, of which possibly a bare ten per cent have come from the Northwest and from the Eastern Townships, you will do well, I think, to permit a few lines in your paper cautioning our Ontario breeders against continuing the extraordinary sacrifice now being made of purebred shorthorn cattle. Think of it! 70,000 bullocks from Ontario, in addition to the home demand for beef! Now, of these bullocks at least three-fourths are the produce of thoroughbred shorthorn bulls. All ought to be. Shorthorn bulls can only be got from herds of shorthorn cattle, and of these, at the present moment, the price is lower than it has been ever before in Canada. Consequently many young males have been steered, or rather stalled, and there is great discouragement among ordinary breeders. . . . It would be a terrible thing for this province if its cattle industry were to be allowed to droop. It is the growth of it and of the cheese factories that has enabled the farmer to live in spite of the cheapness of his cereals. Farmers, at least those trading upon a limited capital, or none, are better off now than they were in the decade between '55 and '65, when Crimean war prices and great railway expenditure did so much to circulate cash. From '65 to '75 cash among them was comparatively unknown; and that state of things has been relieved by the circulation of cheese and beef money. It is a pity that the two industries are practically somewhat antagonistic. But so long as tastes differ, and farms offer variety of investment according to their adaptation, dairying and beefing may both prosper in the land, if not upon the same farm; or even in the same townships. . . .

"I have heard exporters complain that this fall they secured the province for three year-old steers and found very few up to the mark. No doubt Montreal had already depleted the fields. To fill up engaged space a very sorry lot of creatures left our shore in October and November, a discredit to the trade, and not likely to give us or our cattle a good name. In 1880 the present two-year olds will be to the fore, and in 1891 those now yearlings will supply the demand of exporters. But if I am not very much mistaken the two next years will show a terrible

they could watch his movements without being seen. Looking in the direction in which the fox's eyes were turned, they saw a full-grown pheasant roosting on one of the outer branches. The pheasant's eyes kept steadily following those of the fox. Round and round went the fox, keeping the bird fascinated with his stare. Gradually the pheasant seemed to get dazed. In a short time this was unmistakable, for at last the bird fell to the earth completely mesmerized. It was now high time to rush forth, as Reynard had seized his prize. This time, however, he was disappointed. The writer says he thought serpents were the only animals that could draw their prey by mesmeric influence, and I thought so, too.

Appropos of the recent development of phenomenal young trotters, a question has arisen as to whether at maturity their powers will not have fallen off. A number of cases are quoted showing that horses that have trotted with remarkable speed as two or three-year-olds have not afterwards been able to maintain the pace. In my idea the question does not admit of argument. If things go on as they are going now, it will not be many years before the time of greatest speed in the trotter will be as it is in the runner between the years of three and seven. In other words I think the very early development of the speed powers of a horse is a large mistake. Flora Temple, Dexter, Goldsmith Maid were all in their teens when they did their best work, while Maud S., when she made her phenomenal 2:08½ over the Cleveland track was ten years old and it is believed can now, in her fifteenth year, travel as fast as ever, if not faster. Will Simol, Axtell, Palo Alto and the other infant phenomena be able to go a 2:10 or 2:12 clip at that age? I rather think not. And this puts me in mind that the average time of mares is better than that of either stallions or geldings. Peruse the following list, the date given in parenthesis being the year of foaling:

### MARES.

Maud S., chestnut mare (1874), by Harold.....	2:08½
Sunol, bay mare (1886) by Electioneer.....	2:10½
Belle Hamlin, bay mare (1879), by Hamlin's Almont, jun.....	2:12½

### GELDINGS.

Jay Eve See, black gelding (1878), by Dictator.....	2:10
Guy, black gelding (1880), by Kentucky Prince.....	2:10½
St. Julien, bay gelding (1869), by Volunteer.....	2:11½
Rarus, bay gelding (1867), by Conklin's Abdallah.....	2:13½
Harry Wilkes, bay gelding (1876), by George Wilkes.....	2:13½

### STALLIONS.

Axtell, bay horse (1886), by William L. 12	
Palo Alto, bay horse (1888), by Electioneer.....	2:12½
Stamboul, bay horse (1882) by Sultan.....	2:12½
Maxey Cobb, bay horse (1875), by Happy Medium.....	2:13½
Bonnie McGregor, bay horse (1879) by Robert M. McGregor.....	2:13½
Phallas, brown horse (1877), by Dictator.....	2:13½

With the exception of Guy and Rarus, all are direct descendants from Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Sunol, I might mention, is reported to have recently trotted a quarter in 2:13½ sec., a 2:05 gait for the mile.

I have seen a statement that British Columbians are willing to put up \$30,000 for John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson to fight for. I am happy to be in a position to

## CHRISTMAS STORYTEPPES.

### HIS PRESENT.

Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but could not make up his mind as to what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her of the difficulty under which he was laboring.

"Want to make me a present, Charley?" Clara exclaimed in well disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself!"

He took the delicate hint and offered himself then and there.

### CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Never mind, ladies. The Christmas shopping does not come out of your pockets. It is your annual opportunity to get more than even with the men, that's all.

And really, they are so good-natured just before Christmas that no one may be pardoned for expressing the wish that the holiday season might last all the year round.

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"The Christmas season is at the door—And through the air the snowflakes whirl;

The dude now seeks the dollar store To buy a present for his girl."

Which reminds us to suggest that if you received any presents last Christmas that you do not fancy, this is a good time of the year to dispose of them.

### WE DON'T BUY THEM.

"Buy your Christmas presents now!" is the legend that meets us in the window of an up-town store.

Thank you for the advice—but we won't do any such a thing, oh, no!

We always kindly permit our friends to buy them for us.

### CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

This is the time of the year when useless girls derive exquisite pleasure in getting up slippers, the cost of which is out of all proportion to their value, and then think it a good joke to tell their shoemaker to "send the bill to pa—but be sure and not send it until after Christmas."

"It is a perfectly safe wager that there is not a 'pa' in the land will see where the joke comes in.

### CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

The old saying that "hanging is too good for them" is never understood to apply to the Christmas stockings.

And talking about stockings—"Stockings be hanged!" says the St. Louis girl. "It is only the Chicago belle who expects to find a grand piano in a sock."

### HER CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

Mrs. A.: Are you going to have a goose this Christmas?

Mrs. B.: I have cooked my Christmas goose already.

Mrs. A.: Why—you don't tell me so?

Mrs. B.: Yes, I badgered my dear husband out of a sealskin sacque worth four hundred dollars!

### HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A gentleman sauntered into a large dry goods store, a few days before Christmas and remarked: "I want something for a Christmas present for my wife." The clerk suggested various things, but the customer seemed not quite satisfied. At last he asked: "Have you cotton cloth?" "Certainly, sir."



falling off in the supply, both as regards quality and quantity. Everywhere I hear of a depression in the shorthorn business, and its effect will be pretty visible in 1892. It is proverbial that when things get to the worst they mend, and I trust that breeders will bear the proverb in mind. If the unwholesome and idiotic prices of a few years back are not again leached, and I think they will be, there will soon be a sharp demand for shorthorn bulls at trade prices. Now trade price means a price at which the animal can be delivered at a capable age without loss. Debit—(1) Cow, worth \$100 say one fourth of its breeding life, equal \$25; (2) service of bull, \$5; (3) feed of cow one year, equal \$35; (4) feed, attendance of calf after six months suckling, at \$5 per month for eight months, \$40. The breeder, I contend, must get over \$100 for his bull calf before he can make a cent of profit, and then he is out of pocket \$5 a month for every month he keeps the animal after his fourteenth month, which is early enough for even limited service. I am presuming that he turns out a meritorious animal in high condition, and I defy anybody to do so for less than \$160; but if anybody wants to challenge my figures, I am prepared in another communication to go into details. Now the ordinary farmer still thinks \$100 a high price for a young bull, and no wonder, as he spends his life among scrubs worth less than \$15 at the same age, and his mind is not prone to grasp the situation and the steps that lead to it. He can't get over the idea that the breeder is making a lot of money out of him, and he leaves—to buy a half-bred bull for \$25.

"This being so, who is going to educate him up to the mark? His county paper is generally published by a man who knows a little of everything except farming and breeding, and his weekly newspaper, therefore, never brings him tidings of improvement in his own trade. I know no weekly country paper that pays an intelligent attention to the education of its country readers in their own walk of life. If a farmer takes a daily paper he only finds himself drowned in politics. The writers in the monthly agricultural press write over his head. It is true that laudable efforts of late have been made through the instrumentality of winter lectures to farmers' institutes to disseminate truth among this very unresponsive class of people, but no good result is yet visible. As well try to make beer of the waters of the Toronto bay by swimming round it with a sample bag of barley tied between the shoulders. If Messrs. Frankland, Thompson, Flannigan, Dunn, Loonis, Verral, Blong, Sheridan, Lemon, Crawford, McLennan and others (to quote only Toronto names) do not wish to see their trade slip away from them, why don't they take steps to insure a supply of bullocks, and of better bullocks? It would pay them to hire two or three competent lecturers at a good salary and send them round the township to lecture. A few men like Arthur Johnson going the rounds and addressing the farmers from their own standpoint add in their own vernacular would do more than an army of professors; and the Local Government might be expected to help in some way." "T.C.P." is a little hard on the respective faculties of farmers, but, for all he speaks good sound common sense, and a convention of cattle breeders might well be held to consider the best place to be adopted to encourage cattle-breeding on the lines he lays down.

An English correspondent says that his shepherd and himself were one evening attracted by the singular movements of a fox. He was walking round and round a tree, steadily keeping his eyes fixed on some object in the branches. Bushes being near,

give the said statement an unqualified denial. It is time that every civilized community put all boxing matches for money on the same footing as prize-fighting out and out, and then bores and liars of the Sullivan type would speedily become relics of the past, and their brutal strength would have to be used in production instead of destruction.

The \$105,000 paid for Axtell has set all America talking about high prices for horses, and a New York paper publishes the following list of high-priced thoroughbreds:

#### IN AMERICA.

Kentucky, b. h., 4, by Lexington..	\$40,000
King Thomas, yearling colt, by Ban Fox.....	20,000
Dawdrop, b. f., 3, by Falseho.....	29,500
Brother of Bassett, b. c., 3, by Lexington.....	25,000
Vigil, b. c., 3, by Virgil.....	25,000
Duke of Magenta, 3, by Lexington.....	20,000
Ban Fox, b. c., 2, by King Ban....	20,000
Frequois, br. h. (stallion), by Leamington.....	20,000

The highest priced imported stallions are Rayon d'Or, by Fageolet, for which W. L. Scott paid \$33,000; Mortemer, by Compiègne, for which Pierre Lorillard paid \$25,000, he having previously paid \$15,000 for Glenlyon, by Stockwell, and St. Blaise, by Hermit, imported by Mr. Belmont at a cost of \$15,000. Contrast these figures with the \$250 paid in England for Diamond in 1799. He was the winner of the first Derby, and after his arrival in this country is said to have been sold for \$5,000.

Some very high prices have been paid in England—the largest for the unbeaten Ormond, for stallion service, near Buenos Ayres, whence a great many high priced horses have been sent during the last five years. All the others, with the exception of Kangaroo, were sold for breeding purposes in England. Kangaroo was sold to the Marquis of Hastings in his "plunging" days, back in the "sixties."

Ormond, by Bend Or.....	\$75,000
Dunaster, by Stockwell.....	70,000
Kangaroo, by West Australian....	70,000
Bair Athol, by Stockwell.....	62,500
Busybody, by Petrarch.....	44,000
Harvester, by Sterling.....	43,000
Gladiator, by Monarque.....	35,000
Isonomy, by Sterling.....	30,000
Spinaway, by Macaroni.....	27,500
Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer..	25,000
Jannette, by Lord Clifden.....	21,000
Cantiniere, by Stockwell.....	20,500
Louisbourg, by Hampton.....	20,000
Foxhall (American), by King Alfonso.....	20,000

Of the above, Busybody, Harvester, Spinaway, Wheel of Fortune, Jannette, Cantiniere and Louisbourg were sold at the late Lord Falmouth's famous break-up sales in 1884.

#### An Essential of Success.

Young Authoress (with bundle of manuscript): Would you like a story of a pair of young lovers who separated and each married some one else, and years after, when his wife was dead and her husband was dead, the two met again and the old love rekindled? Experienced Publisher: Um—I'm afraid that wouldn't be a success nowadays, but if you'd rewrite the story and have the man's wife and the woman's husband both alive when the two meet again and the old love rekindles it would sell like hot cakes.—[Pack

Dick (aged eight, with disgusted air, to Tommy, aged ten, whose efforts at telling "a whopper" were not a success)—"If yer agoin' ter lie, why don't yer stand up to it like a man?"

"I want eight new shirts. Eight times four are thirty-two. I'll take thirty-two yards."

The gratitude of the wife at receiving as a Christmas present the cloth for eight new shirts for her husband can be imagined.

#### EDITORS' PRESENTS.

The dry goods clerk always gets the bulge on the poor journalist in making Christmas presents. The editor can never put his hands on anything except an old mouldy paste pot, a rusty pair of scissors, and a box of steel pens, suspender buttons, and burned matches. And yet we hear people talking about the even distribution of justice. That is just the fellow looks at the matter. We are open for an engagement as dry goods clerk.

Our girl must have an even show somehow, when it comes to the matter of Christmas presents.

#### WILFUL WASTE.

"Did you stop at Shears the tailor's?"  
"Yes and I gave him fits."  
"What did you do that for? You'll never get 'em back."

#### TOO MUCH TURKEY.

Little Frank, having eaten more turkey on Christmas than was good for him, complained bitterly.

On being asked where the pain was, he answered, with great seriousness, pressing his tiny hand upon his chest, "I think, papa, it must be in my wish-bone, 'cause it's right here."

#### A Sad Case.

"I reckon," said farmer Begosh, "that Josiah might as well be kept home from college. The base-ball is over, an' he can't learn much anyhow. Besides, I'm afraid it's kind o' mixin' his mind up."

"What makes you think so, Ezra?" asked Mrs. Begosh.

"Waal, I was to see him the other day, and every once in a while he would say sumthin' that seemed to hev no bearin' on anything in pertickler. Ez we wuz walkin' together along the street, he interrupted me an' says 'and the band played.'"

"I thought I might as well humor him, an' I says gently: 'Well, sposen' it did, Josiah?' Says he: 'That's all right, pop; you're a good one, but you ain't on.' 'Ain't on what?' sez I. 'You ain't tryin' to give me the razzle dazzle, are you?' he says, with an air of seriousness that made me sad. I told him I hadn't no razzle dazzle to give, so as to kind o' quiet him, an' he laughed in a satisfied way. He was purty quiet after that, on'y for askin' me where I got that hat over an' over ag'in, although he knew as well as I did where I bought it, havin' been with me at the time. I don't know whether to bring him home, or have him sent to a hospital or somethin'."

#### What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Putnam & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

Mr. Zero—"What was that sigh for, my dear?" Mrs. Zero—"Nothing." Mr. Zero—"I didn't know but what 'twas me as usual." Mrs. Zero—"It was—a cipher is usually nothing."



### A Business-like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with sores from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

When all other sins grow old, avarice is young.

Would you know the keen delight  
Of a wholesome appetite,  
Understrained by colic's dire,  
Headache's curse, or fever's fire  
Thoughts morose, or icy chills?  
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

A high note—One of a thousand dollars.

The only guaranteed cure for all blood taints and humors, eruptions, pimples, blotches, scalp diseases and scrofulous sores and swellings, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. You get a cure or money paid for it promptly returned.

"The Czar left £500 for the poor of Berlin, and he gave a very handsome present to his Alexander Regiment, and numerous diamond snuff boxes and a shower of decorations were distributed, but his gifts appear insignificant when compared with those of his grandfather, the Emperor Nicolas, when he visited England for a week in June, 1844. He gave £2,000 to the servants at Windsor Castle, and £1,000 to the housekeeper; £4,000 to various charities; \$500 annually for a cup at Ascot, which was continued until 1854; a parure of diamonds, worth £2,000, to Mme. Brunnow, the wife of his Ambassador; twelve gold snuff boxes, with his portrait set in diamonds, among the great officers and lords of the Queen's household; twelve gold snuff boxes, with his cipher in diamonds, among the equestrians and grooms-in-waiting; literally a sackful of brooches, watches, rings, and pins, which were distributed among the small fry who had been useful to him or in some way concerned with his visit.

Alma Ladies' College.

ST THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Graduates of Alma Commercial College are now in lucrative positions in the leading cities of Canada and the United States. Full courses in Book-keeping, Phonography, Penmanship, Type-writing. Certificates and Diplomas granted. Young Ladies pursuing either of the above courses can also enter for Music, Fine Arts, or Elocution and

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Increase in population Toronto 1849 over 1888 (assessors' returns) 20,380.

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A Happy Transition.

After five years' suffering from dyspepsia my wife got cured in one month by the free use of St. Leon water. We prize it highly, the transition it brings from misery to fine health is so grand and permanent. To this hour not a pang. Feel so good and hearty will take pleasure in answering any inquiries. JOSEPH PRICE, 349 Dovercourt road, Toronto. Place your orders winter now. "Impossible to overrate the value of St. Leon," say physicians.

Wit without sense is a razor without a handle.

Consumption Surely Cured.  
To the Editor,—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Resp'y, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. H.—"Congratulations, old fellow. Boy or girl?" Mr. B. (sorrowfully)—"Both. Two o' 'em."

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A Man With Wisdom Lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of Man, containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged and Young Men. Proven by the Sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to Invalids who are weak, nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer, Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The Book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand, and follow our views, there would be a world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This Book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. the book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health! Brings bloom to the cheek, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8, the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power, and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are broken down from overwork or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this Valuable Treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address all orders to W. V. Lubon, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

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R. F. MANNING, Manager.  
Toronto, November 11th, 1889.

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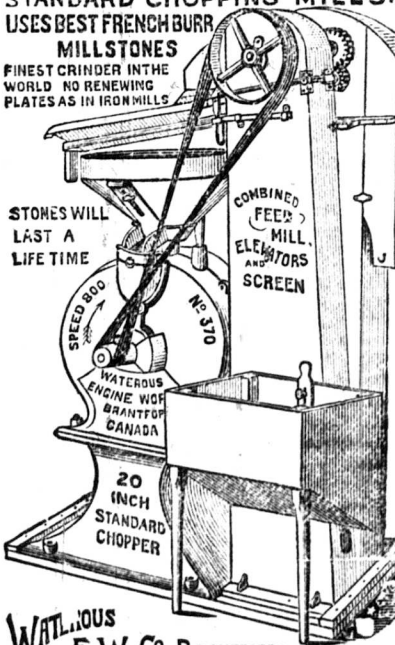


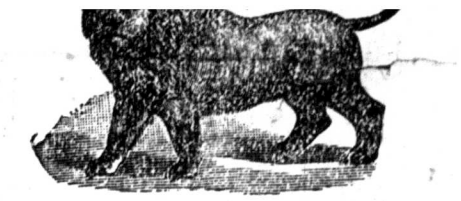
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A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

**H. G. ROOT, M.C., 164 West Adelaide St. TORONTO, ONT.**

NOVEMBER 26TH, 1889.

Now that I have purchased from you one of your Standard French Burr Chopping Mills, turning in on it as part pay my Iron Grinder, I have no objection to tell you that the plates used in the Iron Grinder cost \$2.00, and latterly but \$1.00 per pair. I used over \$50.00 worth last winter. Occasionally a plate would last a week, but sometimes not over two or three hour.

The price of the mill was \$65.00, much cheaper than yours; but in the end was a very much dearer mill. I am satisfied that Iron Grinders are only suitable for farmers who have a very small amount of chopping to do for their own use.

**J. COMEAU & CO., MARIWAKI, QUE., WRITES:**  
NOVEMBER 23RD, 1889.

I would feel inclined to apologise for not writing sooner, had I not been too busy and my desire to give the 20-inch Standard Mill a fair trial before writing.

I am most happy to state that I am entirely satisfied with the mill, it is doing splendid work.

**FOR SALE.**

Two No. 3 Iron Grinders at \$15.00 each, three No. 2 Iron Grinders, \$25.00 each, all in good order and with new plates.



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Deposits taken of one dollar. Interest from date of deposit. No notice of withdrawal required.

E. H. BAINES.

OFFICE MARKET SQUARE. 4489ly AGENT

## The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1889.

The Legislative Assembly of Ontario has been summoned for January 30th, for the transaction of business. The Dominion Parliament Assembles on January 16th.

Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, died, at Toronto, last Tuesday night. Methodism has suffered a great loss in the death of the venerable Doctor. He was an indefatigable worker, an eloquent preacher and an eminently Godly man.

Queen's University has been celebrating its jubilee this week. Notables from various parts of the Province were present, including the Governor General. Lord Stanley received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and is now entitled to be called, Doctor Stanley. We trust that Queen's may continue to progress, and that ever increasing instalments of educated young men may be sent out from her halls, thoroughly equipped for life's struggles.

The report is current that Warden Filson is to supplant Dr. Meacham as the Tory candidate for the approaching Provincial election. The Doctor is meeting with such poor success in his canvas that he is said to be anxious to get out of the contest as speedily as possible. We thought that something of this kind was in the wind when the Warden announced that he would withdraw from municipal politics, and that, too, just when his sworn opponent, Major Patterson, had announced that he would oppose him in January next. The secret is now out. The Warden aspires to a higher seat, and as "the party" feel that they are courting defeat in allowing Dr. Meacham to oppose Bowen E. Aylsworth, they are more than willing to swap horses before the time arrives to cross the stream. Mr. Aylsworth has so many sterling qualities that he is receiving the warm support of many Conservatives and his election is a foregone conclusion.

### Planting Windbreaks.

To the Editor of THE EXPRESS.

"Sir—Perhaps you will allow me again to suggest to your readers the infinite advantages which would follow, if every young man, on starting in farm life on a property of his own, would plant along the north, or most exposed side, a plantation of hardwood or pine trees. Young trees can be got from the bush, or from the nursery, the cost would not be much: but the bene-

## FARM FOR SALE.

In the 7th concession of North Fredericksburgh, the west corner of Lot No. 24, containing 30 acres. Good barns, house, orchards, etc. 5289d GARRET VANALSTINE.

## MONEY TO LOAN

AT LOWEST RATES.

HERRINGTON & WARNER,  
2289ly Barristers, Napanee

## FARM FOR SALE.

The Weese Farm, in the 4th Concession of Adolphustown, for sale at a bargain. 100 acres, good buildings, land in good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to JOHN D. HAM, Esq., Napanee, or to C. H. WIDDIFIELD, Picton, Ont. 51t

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TENTS, AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HORSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.

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## CAMPBELL HOUSE, NAPANEE.

### HATCH & MILLING, Proprs.

This house has recently changed hands, and has been thoroughly renovated and fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the guests. Farmers will find commodious, first-class stabling and cheap rates. Farmers patronage solicited. Napanee, Au. 13, 1889. 3789fm

## INSURE IN THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Government deposit over \$600,000  
G. A. CATON,  
General Agent, Newburgh, Ont.  
Active agents wanted. 2089ly.

## A. F. WARNER, M.D., C.M.,

Late House Surgeon, Chambers street Hospital, New York.

Surgery formerly occupied by Dr. Cowan, at Jas. Perry's, Bridge-st. east. 50396m

## GOOD PAY.

We want men, women, girls and boys in every Town, Village and Hamlet in Canada, to take hold of a money making and perfectly honorable employment. It will cost nothing to give it a trial. Send for illustrated circular. Address,

W. H. ROBERTSON,  
5189tf Peterborough, Ont.

## BRAN! BRAN

A LARGE QUANTITY OF

## Choice Western Wheat Bran

For sale cheap at the Big Mill.  
Call and inspect it before you buy. Feed and Flour cheaper than anyone else in town. 4889dtf JOHN R. DAFOE.

## THE "BON ION"

### Hair Dressing Parlor.

OF NAPANEE.

Having bought out the Hair-Dressing Room of Mr. James Miller I am prepared to wait

# THE MONTREAL CLOTHING HOUSE.

Awarded First Prize at  
Lennox Fair.

Note the fact that we were awarded the first prize in open competition on a Suit of Canadian Tweed of our own manufacture.

This is a proof that we lead in

## Style and Make T

as the people have long since discovered we do in prices.

Since we came to Napanee we have

## KNOCKED THE

## CLOTHING Trade Silly

Our competitors haven't been able to catch their breath since the hurricane struck them.

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**Napanee.**

# BUYERS' DIRECTORY.

# NAPANEE

# BUSINESS HOUSES

**PLUMS, PEACHES, Pears,**  
And Melons a specialty at  
**BRUTON'S.**

**G. A. Blewett**  
Keeps the Best and Cheapest  
**FLOUR**  
in town. Give him a call.  
Try his 25 cent Tea.

GO TO  
**HULETT'S**  
FOR  
Fine **PHOTOGRAPHS**

Just opened out one of the finest assortments of  
**FANCY CHINA & GLASSWARE**  
ever offered in this town. Don't fail to see them before making your Christmas selections as you will save money and get better goods.  
**W. COXALL.**

**THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
Head Office, Montreal.  
Annual Income.....\$25,273.58  
Assets, over.....\$2,000,000.00  
Assurance in force, 16,025,300.00  
James Little, Peterboro, Inspector of Agencies. W. H. Hill, Peterboro, Manager for Central Ontario,  
Rev. S. CARD, Local Agt, Napanee

Do you want to take a drive? If so, just call up R. H. Potter, Telephone No. 99. The best livery in town.

GREAT SHOW OF  
**Xmas Presents**  
—AT—  
**Lockwood's**  
Corner Brisco House block and Rennie block.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE  
Hollow Back  
**Crosscut Saws**  
AT  
**Perry & Madole**  
The best made.  
CHOPPING AXES, a fine stock to select from.  
**PERRY & MADOLE**

**A. W. GRANGE & BRO.**  
DEALERS IN  
**Pure Drugs and Medicines**  
Toilet Articles, Perfumery,  
**Patent Medicines, Etc**  
Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

**F. CHINNECK,**  
**Jeweler.**

**Fresh Groceries**  
ALWAYS IN STOCK.  
**George I. Ham**  
McLaughlin's old stand.

**Extraordinary Bargains**  
At **McRossie's**  
In cheap Boots and Shoes, Overshoes and Rubbers, till 1st of January. Ladies' Rubbers, only 25 cents. Mens' Rubbers only 30 cents. Women's Felt Gaiters, 75 cents. Mens' Overshoes, \$1. Long Felt Boots only \$1.50. As we have too large a stock, bargains will be given in every line for two months. Go right to  
**A. D. McROSSIE**

**THE BRISCO HOUSE,**  
**NAPANEE.**  
The best dollar-a-day house in Eastern Ontario  
Good sheds and stabling. First-class meals.  
C. A. CORNELL,  
2089lv PROPRIETOR

**MONEY TO LOAN.**  
I am prepared to lend money in sums of \$40 and upwards on the security of first mortgage. Farm and Town Property  
At 6, 6½ & 7 PER CENT. STRAIGHT  
No fines nor commission paid by borrowers, am also prepared to buy or sell promissory notes of undoubted security.  
Insurance policies granted on nearly all classes of property in first-class Stock Companies at bottom price. First-class farm and isolated property insured at 15c. per \$100 for 3 years.  
Correspondence solicited. T. G. DAVIS,  
2089lv Insurance and Money Lending Agent.

**Prof. Loissette's**  
**MEMORY**  
**DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD**  
In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him

# CHRISTMAS CHEER.

We beg to advise our numerous patrons that on Saturday next the 21st. inst., we shall cut the Cheese that took first prize, and was awarded the **GOLD MEDAL** at our late County Show. It will be sold at the moderate price of 15c. per lb.

This week we have received from "The Ireland National Food Company's" Mills at Toronto. Extra quality Rolled Wheat, De-siccated Wheat, Wheat Germ Meal, Pea Meal, Snow Flake Barley Food, Gold Flake Rolled Oats, Old Gold Corn Meal, Silver Cream Corn Meal, and Buckwheat Flour.

## APPLES.

We have a few barrels of fine apples for sale by the barrel or bushel. Also in stock choice family Lard.

**M. W. PRUYN & SON.**

Leading Grocers, and Wine and Spirit Merchants.

Napanee, Dec. 18th, 1889.

of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loissette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is used only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c. For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address  
**Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.**

5189cm



## Carscallen & Bro.,

Low Priced, No Combination

### Undertaking Establishment.

Keep constantly on hand a complete stock of all the latest designs to be found in

### COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES, Etc.,

which we are prepared to sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the county. We use the best deodorizer, thus obviating all unpleasant odors. Embalming a Specialty. Having purchased one of the Handsomest Hearse at the Toronto exhibition we are prepared to attend personally funerals in the most satisfactory manner. The public will do well to call and examine our stock, and be convinced that ours is the place to buy.

We have also added a full line of the newest things in Wall Paper, Ceiling Decorations, Window Shades and Picture Railing, Paints and Oils Paint Mixed. Persons wanting anything in this line will do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, Centre street one block south of Main.

51891

CARSCALLLEN & BRO.,

## J. F. SMITH

IS SELLING

### Groceries

at prices to suit the times.

FRESH TEAS,

CANNED TOMATOES,

CANNED CORN,

EVAPORATED APPLES.

Sugars, Yellow, Raw, White.

FLOUR and FEED

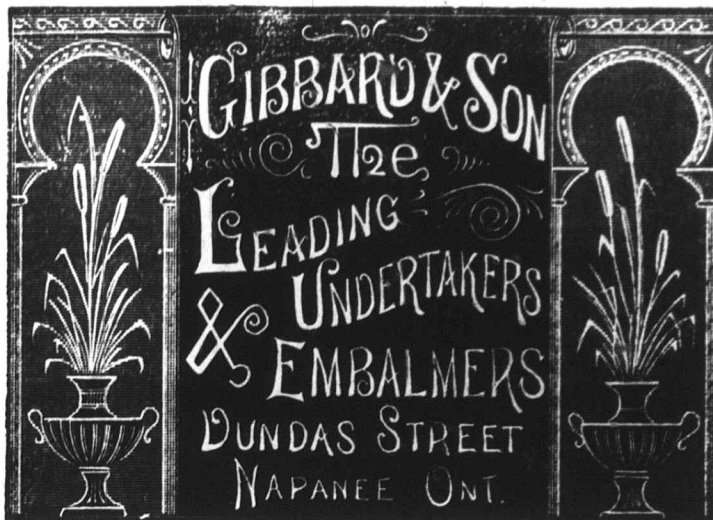
all at the lowest prices.

Call and see for yourselves.

J. F. SMITH

Brisco House Block, Napanee.

11301



### WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION

to this branch of our business, and are in a position to furnish Funerals at much less cost than any other establishment, furnishing good covered Coffins and Caskets, better trimmed, at less price than any other can furnish common articles. The only house that keeps a full line of goods to select from. Best Hearse in the Counties always in Attendance. Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.

989ly

J. GIBBARD & SON.

—THE—

## RATHBUN CO.

NAPANEE AGENCY

DEALERS IN—

Lumber, Shingles Lath,

And all descriptions of

### BUILDING MATERIAL

Both rough and dressed, including

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

DRAIN TILE, Etc.

### WOOD & COAL

For Foundry, Smithing and Domestic purposes.

YARDS—South of Swing Bridge.

CENTRE-STREET.

J. J. TAYLOR,

AGENT

### THE WESTERN CANADA

## Loan and Savings Co y

HAVE APPOINTED

J. C. DREWRY

their Appraiser for Lennox & Addington.

Any Amount of Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.

TWO FARMS TO LET. Apply personally or by letter to

J. C. DREWRY

Express Office Napanee Ont.



### MILES STORMS

has had over forty years in the undertaking business in the county, and can turn out work equal to any in the Dominion.

A large stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Cape Gloves and Badges constantly on hand, and at sold at reasonable prices.

I also make a specialty of Embalming, giving this department my personal attention, thus removing all risk unpleasant odor or any change in color.

First-class hearse free of charge, will attend all funerals. 2089ly MILES STORMS

## Situation

with steady employment, and good pay all the year round to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references.

Nurserymen.

S. A. McMBER & CO.,

4989cm

Rochester, N.Y.



# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

## Christmas and New Years Cheap Fare

### SINGLE FARE

on December 24th and 25th, valid for return until Dec. 26th. Also Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, good to return January 2nd.

### Fare and One-third

on Dec. 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, good to return until Jan. 6th.

It makes no difference where you are going. Avoid all trouble by buying your ticket from

**J. L. BOYES,**

253 1/2 Rail and Ocean Ticket Agent, Napanee

## Threshers' Supplies.

Leather Belting, Rubber Belting, Lace Leather, Rubber Packing, Hemp Packing, Asbestos Packing, Soapstone Packing, Threshing Mitts.

## PEERLESS MACHINE OIL

Is the best in the market.

Nearly all the threshers use it and are delighted with it. Try it. Sold only by

35891y **R. G. WRIGHT,**  
NAPANEE.

### Adolphustown.

There was an interesting service at the Centennial Church, last Sabbath morning, when five adults received the solemn rite of Baptism.

Next Sabbath morning, in the same Church, the memorial service for Mr. E. A. Mallory's children will be held.

Mr. John Pollard lost a sweet little girl by Diphtheria on Saturday last. A few years ago Mr. Pollard lost three children at a stroke by this fatal disease, and the dear little Rosa makes the fourth victim taken from this one household by the terrible scourge.

The Methodist Sabbath School will have a Xmas Tree in the Centennial Church on Xmas eve. The ladies of the congregation will have their annual Xmas Tea Meeting on Xmas night.

The annual New Year's Festival at No. 1 on New Year's night.

The watch repairing department is under my own especial supervision and a good piece of work is guaranteed. F. Chiuneck.

**Make No Delay!**

### Selby.

The Methodist people of this community are anticipating a very pleasant time at their Christmas Anniversary Services. The Rev. T. W. Cleworth, of Thomasburgh, is to preach on Sabbath, both morning and evening. The Tea Meeting is to be held on Christmas day, in the usual first class style. The Rev. A. B. Chambers, Chairman of Napanee District, with Revs. E. E. Howard, of Napanee, and W. H. Peake, of Morven, are to give addresses. There will be choice selections of music, and the committee have reduced the fee equal to the price of barley. Five hundred persons may come.

—F. W. Smith & Bro., beat the world in wedding rings. Why? Because they manufacture them on the premises.

### Spencer Hill.

The teaming at Empey Hill has come and gone, and was a great success. Receipts, \$45.50.

Mr. Alfred Clark, of Empey Hill, killed four pigs the other day, five and a half months old, and they weighed 1184 lbs. Who can beat that?

The school trustees of this section have been successful in securing Miss Lyda Hodgins as teacher for 1890. We trust she will have as good success with this school as in the past.

We are pleased to say that Mr. John Wilson and his son David are very much better.

Mrs. Hudgins, mother of Ira B. Hudgins, Esq., is spending a few days visiting her daughter, Mrs. Henry Abbott. The old lady is eighty-four years old, and is hale and hearty.

The Xmas number of THE EXPRESS arrived in this neighborhood on Saturday last, and all pronounce it a dandy, and as the roads were bad, everybody had a good read.

The young men are all wearing a happy smile this week, for they have asked their best girl to go to the teaming, Christmas night, at Selby. 'Tis nice to be young.

**NATIONAL PILLS** are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

## A Parting Reminder.

### SEASON 1889.

We beg to remind all those who are indebted to us by book accounts that such are due and payable 1st November, 1889, and according to

### MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

## VALUABLE REAL PROPERTY

by Public Auction.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale, contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold on

**Saturday, January 4th, 1890**

At the Town Hall, in the Town of Napanee, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon

All that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Hungerford, in the County of Hastings and Province of Ontario, being composed of the north thirty acres of the west half of Lot Number nineteen, in the second concession of the said Township of Hungerford.

This property is situate conveniently to the N. T. and Q. Railway and is heavily timbered with valuable hardwood timber.

Terms of payment will be liberal.

For further particulars apply to

**JOHN ENGLISH,**

Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Napanee, December 17th, 1889.

## AGENTS WANTED.

Reliable, energetic men can earn good wages selling Fonthill Nursery stock. New specialties. Largest Nursery in Canada. Outfit free. For terms address

**STONE & WELLINGTON,**  
Nurserymen,  
Toronto.

4289cm

## SALES MEN WANTED.

Having done business in Canada for the past 30 years, our reputation and responsibility are well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write us for terms which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm.

REFERENCES, Bradstreet's, or Dun, Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.

**CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY,**  
Nurserymen,  
COLBORNE, - - ONTARIO.

4189cm

## BUILDING!

I am prepared to furnish everything in the line of

**SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,**

Frames, Dressed Lumber,

**Bee Hives & Bee Hive Sections**

on shortest notice and at reasonable rates.

**E. M. FRALICK**

factory on canal next to brush factory. 2389

**TICHBORNE HOUSE,**

NAPANEE, ONT.

**RICHARD LAWSON, Proprietor.**

can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Ointment—one bottle of which cured me of a very bad cold. I would say to all sufferers, make no delay in using it as it gives quick relief.

W. J. KENNY, Stittsville, Ont.  
Newburgh.

The funeral sermon of the late George Miller, of London, was preached last Sunday morning in the Methodist Church, by Rev. Mr. Crossley. A large number of relatives and friends of the deceased were present at the service.

There is to be a grand concert here on Christmas night in the Methodist Church. Great preparation is being made for it, and the ticket sellers are already on the war path.

The concert given by the A. O. U. W. on Tuesday evening last was a decided success. The hall was filled to the doors. The programme was full and complete, and rendered to the satisfaction of the audience, if we should judge by the bursts of laughter and applause which greeted nearly each succeeding piece. A gentleman from Kingston gave an address of thirty minutes during the evening on the aims and objects of the A. O. U. W. The lodge here is to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment.

Mr. Williams, the High School teacher, has tendered his resignation and is going to Williamsville to teach at the beginning of the New Year. The trustees have advertised for a new teacher. We all hope the coming man may be a good teacher and a good citizen as well. A large number of candidates are trying the entrance examination this week. Mr. Williams in charge.

—What more suitable present can be got for the old folks than a pair of gold spectacles. A large stock at the Napanee Jewelry Store. F. W. Smith & Bro.

Odessa.

Enjoying a comfortable snooze on his perch sat Johnnie, the Canary. The cage sat in the kitchen of William Gordon's handsome farm residence, west Main Street. Stealthily entered, via wood house, and back door route, a tramp. He made his way through the gloom, to the cage and collared Johnnie, who excitedly piped "guards turn out." Willie Gordon, jr. and wife at home in the sitting-room responded quickly, encountered the fellow who got cut and mozzied with Johnnie in his pocket. A vigilant committee pursued and captured the chappie a mile up the road. He returned the songster, and plead like a cripple for his own liberty. Nothing else being missed he was allowed to roam where the winds listeth.

J. W. McCoombs, Clayton, pleasantly spent a few days here with his children this week.

Saturday evening the Conservatives had their annual meeting. They brought out a full ticket for municipal honors.

Fifteen persons were probated for membership of the Methodist church Sunday morning, after which the most beautiful and impressive adult baptismal service was conferred on Miss Lucy L. Bowerman.

The Napanee stage broke down opposite Joseph Smith's, York road, Wednesday morning.

The council met Monday and transacted a lot of business.

Riley Lee and family have returned from Dexter, N. Y.

#### Death Dealing Drugs

Such as Calomel, Morphine, etc., are remedies better left alone. They often weaken even strong constitutions. This Burdock Blood Bitters never does, it contains no mineral or other poison, and cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and blood, by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities.

the opportunity of notifying them of this important fact.

We trust that all interested will give this matter their earliest and best attention and we therefore hope to receive a prompt response to our call.

September 24th, 1889.

**GOLD FREE** OUR NEW **FREE.**  
**\$85 Solid Gold Watch**  
Worth \$100.00. Best \$85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from \$20 to \$60 per week and upwards. Address, **Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.**



**REMOVED.**  
**D. J. HOGAN & SON,**  
**MERCHANT TAILORS,**  
Have removed next door to Wilson & Bros. Boot and Shoe Store.

The subscriber begs to announce that he has bought out Mr. Gamble, and is now prepared to cater to the wants of the travelling public.

**Good Sheds & First-class Meals**

**RATES - REASONABLE.**

3889cm

**R. LIGHT,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Lumber, Shingles, Lath,**

**Doors, Sash, Blinds,**

**Mouldings,**

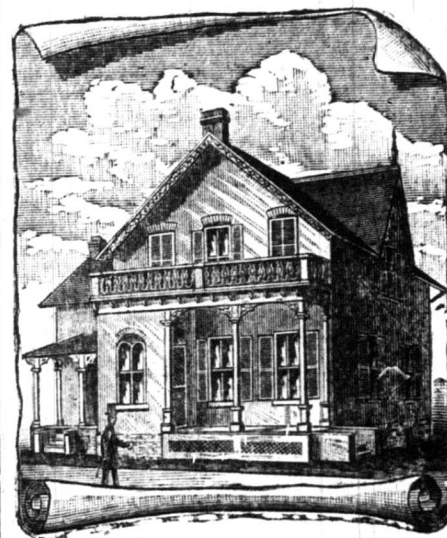
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

**BUILDING MATERIAL**

**TRENTON - SLAB - WOOD**

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Yard foot of Richard street. Telephone No. 53. 3789fm



**For Sale or to Rent.**

The undersigned offers for sale one of the most comfortable houses in Napanee. It is built of brick, and is situated on the corner of Centre and Isabella streets. There is a good furnace and hard and soft water in the house, also gas. The house has been newly papered and painted throughout and is in a first-class state of repair. There is a good barn and a number of fruit trees and grape vines on the premises.

This property is centrally located and is within three minutes walk of the station, new Collegiate Institute, market and churches.

If not sold immediately will be rented.

For further particulars apply to

J. C. DREWRY,  
At the Napanee EXPRESS Office.





# CHEAPSIDE'S GREAT SALE

WILL BE CONTINUED UNTIL  
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

\$10,000 worth of goods must be sold out of the stock by that

day.

Many lines will be cleared out at cost prices, and large reduction from regular prices on all others.

We are going out of some branches of trade altogether.

Our Fur business has grown so largely the past two years that it is now large enough to take all our time and attention alone.

**WE WILL CLEAR OUT all our DRESS GOODS AND SILKS at cost.**

We will clear out our Tweeds and Overcoatings at cost, and make them to order at lower prices than you can find anywhere else for equal quality.

**WE WILL GIVE you big reductions on Flannels, Blankets, Tiedowns, Table Linens, etc.**

We will give you grand, royal, bargains all over the house.

The balance of our Carpets will be cleared out at prime cost prices.

Profit not so much an object with us just now as to have our stock reduced to the smallest possible proportions before stock making.

A word to all who owe us. We have been patient and haven't dunned you to death. We sympathize with you on the low prices of produce and scarcity of money, but it is now the time of year, when we expect every account settled by cash or note, and must have it done.

# **HINCH & CO**

## **CHEAPSIDE.**



## YOUNG FOLKS.

### One Small Boy's Christmas.

The small boy looked at the Christmas tree,  
And straining his eager eyes to see,

Says he:  
"Now, I wonder just what they have got  
for me."

"By Gee!  
There's a bully old pair of nicked skates,  
The size of which clearly indicates  
That they're meant for a boy of about my  
size—  
If I get them I'll draw a prize."

"Then over there is a dandy drum,  
Which I'm rather led to believe will come  
My way, and a printing press and type  
see,  
Which would be just about the thing for  
me."

"That clipper sled looks mighty fine,  
And I shouldn't wonder if that were mine,  
And I'm rather inclined to think, from  
looks  
Of things, that I'll get that box of books."

"And the shotgun up there behind the tree  
Is mighty sure is designed for me;  
And the camera and the baseball bat  
Are coming to me, I'll bet my hat!"

The camera went to another boy  
And loaded him up with peaceful joy,  
While the case of type and the printing  
press

Filled his cousin Tom with happiness;  
And the nicked skates, his brother Jim  
Marked, with a grin, belonged to him,  
And the dandy drum and the clipper sled  
Were both designed for his cousin Ned.  
But when the small boy sadly saw  
The shotgun go he dropped his jaw,  
And doleful indeed became his looks  
When he lost his grip on the box of books,  
While the thing that simply knocked him  
flat

Was the fact that he missed the baseball  
bat.

AND

And that gladdened that small boy's life  
Was a candy bag and a new jack-knife.

### AUNT JANE'S PAPER OF PINS.

"I say now, Aunt Jane, what would you  
like for a Christmas present?"

Aunt Jane looked at her small nephew,  
Who from his corner by the fire hurled this  
question at her in the twilight. "What  
would I like?" she said, briskly. "Oh, a  
set of Browning in Russia leather, or Omar  
Khayyam, or a new silk dress, or Millet's  
'Angelus,' the etching, in a carved frame,  
or—"

"Oh, pahaw, now, Aunt Jane!" Fred  
interrupted, "you know we can't get one of  
those things. I meant—you know what I  
meant."

"You said what would I like?" answered  
Aunt Jane. She was rather fond of taking  
the children up for careless speaking, but  
Fred knew well enough the twinkle of fun  
that was in her eye now.

"Well, I meant what would you like  
that we could get," Fred said. "I do  
say picking and choosing is worse than  
anything when you haven't much money,  
and we haven't, you know."

"No!" Aunt Jane said, dropping the  
long mitten she was knitting for Fred.  
"Well, then, a paper of pins."

"Oh, come now, auntie, that isn't fair!"

"We picked him up in a twinkling and  
it was not many minutes before we found  
that one of his poor little legs was broken."

"I'll go for the doctor," said grandpa, at  
once; and then he sank back into a chair  
and groaned, remembering that we had no  
horse, and that he could not fight his way  
through those drifted roads. I dare say we  
were foolish old people, but we absolutely  
didn't dare try to set that leg, and mean-  
time it began swelling, and poor little Tom  
never for a minute stopped crying.

"And to think, father," I said, through  
my own tears, "the express will go by with-  
in a quarter of a mile of us, and we can't  
stop it. Oh, if we could! For maybe there's  
a doctor on board, and he'd come for little  
Tom's sake."

"But the express did not go by. It  
whistled, and we could see from the window  
that the track was again blocked, and that  
it would have to be cleared."

"Hurry, father," I cried; "see if you  
can wade across the field, and get help."

"But there was no need. While he was  
tying on his scarf, there came a kicking and  
stamping at the kitchen door, and when we  
opened it, there stood your father, and  
weren't we glad then he'd studied to be a  
doctor!"

"Train had to stop," he explained, "so I  
got out and waded across lots. Mary's gone  
on to town, and is going to spend the night  
there, but I had an impression I'd better  
stop and see to you."

"It wasn't long before the poor little leg  
was safely within splints, and Tom had gone  
to sleep holding his father's hand. Next  
day, the roads were broken, and a horse sled  
brought Mary, your mother, to us."

### Christmas!

Another Christmas! One more year has  
passed to the eternities. What have you  
been doing during this time? The great  
Nazarene came into the world at Bethlehem  
to restore a nearly lost equilibrium and give  
us a new testament of that immortality  
which was dimly foreshadowed in the old  
testament of the patriarchs and prophets  
and saviors. It was His mission to sweep  
away the clouds that obscured the heavens

so that man could stand up and ask of his  
Father that which he desires without the  
intervention of professional oracles in Greece  
or the priests of Isis in Egypt, or of other  
intermediaries, pagan or non-pagan. A  
poetess below speaks of the gospel of love  
as a catholicon for evil and a creator of  
happiness in the Here. So it is, also, in  
the Hereafter. Our dual lives, natural and  
spiritual, enable us to live in both the Here  
and Hereafter. Who preaches the gospel  
of love? Are they those who leave Jesus  
of Nazareth and his supernal doctrines to  
make the pulpit ring with sectional politics.

Are they those who keep alive the embers  
of the dead past as journalists and other  
authors and politicians, and thus make mis-  
chief which delights exorcarnate spirits?

These people preach the gospel of hate, and  
the gospel of hate is the gospel of the hells.

There are other preachers of the gospel of  
hate, the Czars and the Alexanders, and the  
epauletted professionals who make war their  
pastime and their aggrandizement. The only  
real gospel of love which has been preached  
in its fullness is that which rose and rises  
from the hearts of mothers for their offspring.

Were it not for motherhood and those little  
refiners, babies, the world would be in the  
shadow of night. George Barlow, the "new  
poet" of England, beautifully writes:

Each child upon the planet born  
Brings back that planet's early morn  
In the sweet sunrise in his face.

Each child upon the planet born  
Brings back that planet's early morn  
In the sweet sunrise in his face.

Each child upon the planet born  
Brings back that planet's early morn  
In the sweet sunrise in his face.

In the sweet sunrise in his face.

## WHO WOULD BE A CZAR?

Uneasy, Indeed, Is the Head Wearing the  
Crown of All the Russias.

The Emperor of Russia is in a state of  
panic which can neither be imagined nor  
described. It was given out that he would  
be the guest of the German Emperor at the  
Marble Palace, Potsdam, and when all  
kinds of expensive preparations had been  
made there, he decided that he would be  
safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expend-  
ed in arranging for his reception at the  
Schloss. Finally, only one day before the  
Emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received  
a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate  
that His Majesty would alight at the  
Russian Embassy, and the message was

### QUICKLY FOLLOWED

by the arrival of the Imperial workmen,  
seven in number, who now go in advance of  
the Emperor whenever and wherever he  
travels. There are two carpenters, two  
masons, two locksmiths and a foreman.  
They most carefully examine the chimneys,  
locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the  
house which the Emperor is to occupy, and  
his own apartments are subjected to a most  
rigorous search. The chimneys are objects  
of special attention, and every flue which  
leads to a room which the Emperor is likely  
to enter is thoroughly barred both top and  
bottom, and, as if these precautions were  
not sufficient, police agents from St. Peters-  
burg patrol the roof both night and day.

Both in appearance and in manner the  
Emperor has become a Muscovite of the old  
Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being  
a giant both in height and in girth, quite  
bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping  
mustache and a stupendous beard, which  
flows over his chest. I learn that he has  
been both

### INFURIATED AND TERRIFIED

by the accident to the Shah's special train,  
the official report of which disaster was  
laid before him when he reached St. Peters-  
burg. The embankment along which the  
train was running collapsed, the accident  
being an exact repetition of the one which  
befell the Imperial train at Borki last year,  
and the Emperor is now convinced that all  
the Russian railways are rotten, so that, in  
the event of war, there would be a complete  
failure in the transport arrangements, and  
if the railways are all wrong, His Majesty  
justifiably concludes that, probably, he  
would find his army and navy in a similar  
condition when the time of trial arrives.

The Emperor is, as I have often before  
remarked, in constant dread of assassina-  
tion, and this state of ever present fear,  
added to the hereditary melancholy of the  
Romanoff family, has so utterly shattered  
his nerves that for days together he is  
practically not responsible for his actions.  
He smokes incessantly, and not only en-  
deavors to sustain his spirits by copious  
libations of champagne and brandy, but of  
late he has taken to dugging himself with  
chloral.

### Where Does It Rise?

Where does the river St. Lawrence rise?  
How many of our readers can answer this  
question in geography? Some will probably  
say in Lake Ontario; others, in Lake Super-  
ior. Neither answer is quite correct.

Like the Amazon, this river has a different  
name for each part of its course. The lower  
part of the great South American river is  
called by the natives the Amazonas, the  
middle part is the Solimoes, and the upper  
the Marañon.

So the St. Lawrence, between Lake Erie

"That isn't any present." "It's something I want, and something you can afford to buy, isn't it?" Aunt Jane said, laughing a little, as she picked up her knitting. "But be sure they are the best make, Fred; I can't use poor pins." And with that she left Master Fred to his meditations.

"A paper of pins—pshaw! Aunt Jane just likes to tease us boys. If she wasn't just an up-and-down jewel of an aunt about kites and gingerbread, and painting shades and all the rest, I'd feel like taking her at her word. A paper of pins—hum!"

And therewith there crept into Fred's brain the first glimmer of an idea. Presently he shared it with Kate, the sister next older, and then with Will and Mary, and then with mamma; and the result was clear.

On Christmas morning there appeared at Aunt Jane's door a procession of children carrying a large roll, which, after due greetings, they solemnly unrolled on the bed where Aunt Jane lay. At the head of the sheet was a pretty lace-pin from mamma (a golden arrow in filigree), next a handsome saw-tooth pin in wrought silver from papa, then some fancy hair-pins in tortoise shell from Kate, and then every variety of pin the shops offered—large and small, black and white, cut-throat pins, hat-pins, hair-pins, safety-pins, sleeve button-pins—all ranged neatly down the paper. And under all was fastened a handsome card—Mary's work—which stated that the linchpin and the thole-pin were their compliments, which they thought would be more acceptable to a lady's toilet-table than they themselves would be.

#### Grandma's Christmas.

"Were you ever truly thankful at Christmas, grandma?" asked Jean, the household gladiator and pet, "right down thankful for real things, I mean, and not just thinking whether the turkey is big enough or the squash as good as it was last year?"

"I often think I am," said grandma, smiling over her knitting, "and once I know I was."

"Tell me about it," was, of course, the next demand, and grandma, unrolling another length of yarn, began her story.

"It was a long time ago, according to the reckoning of such young things as you, when grandpa and I lived in the little house in Canton, not far from the railroad track. Still, it was a good ways from the station, and though the express trains whizzed by within a quarter of a mile of us, we had to travel seven miles before we could take one.

"One fall, before you were born, your father and mother went out West to visit your other grandma and left your brother Tom with me. He was only four then, and a dear little pet and comfort. We hoped they would be home by Christmas Day, but two days before, the greatest snowstorm I ever knew so early in the season, began to pack the roads, and even cover the fences.

"No use to expect 'em," said grandpa, "the trains will be blocked up, and we might as well give 'em up for a week or so."

"The snow kept coming, and on the very eve of Christmas the railway track was so completely covered that, although men had been trying to clear it all day long, we knew the express would have a hard time to get through.

"We made up our minds to have a cosy Christmas all to ourselves, and tried to comfort little Tom, who had made up his mind that he must see papa and mamma that very night. I put him to bed and with that our troubles began; for Tom, tired of lying awake for perhaps ten minutes, got up in the dark, tried to find his way downstairs and fell from top to bottom of the steep staircase.

Christianity commenced with a woman and will end with a woman. Mothers like Mary illustrate best on the birthday of the Reformer and Savior the love and tenderness and beauty of true Christianity. Here is the poem;

#### CHRISTMAS.

Eighteen hundred years! yes, almost nineteen hundred.

Since over the manger-cradle the wise men leaned and wondered.

Eighteen hundred years; and yet the world to day

Is blind to the meaning of truths that Jesus was sent to say.

Eighteen hundred years! and yet men stand and preach

Creeeds and canons and dogmas, beyond the tired mind's reach.

While all the sad souls want and all the sad souls need,

Is Love, Love, Love, for that was the Saviour's creed.

Eighteen hundred years! and yet the churches contend;

But Love was in the beginning, and Love will be in the end.

For Love is the only law that knows no alteration,

And Love is the only door that leads us into salvation.

Eighteen hundred years! and men are doubting still!

But Love is the way to peace, and all may find it who will.

We have only to keep on loving, and lo! the path appears

Though the world has been slow to see it, for eighteen hundred years!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### The Singing Shepherds.

To Bethlehem, at dead of night,  
Came shepherds hurrying;  
At dead of night, to Bethlehem,  
A seeking for the King.

In the dark streets of Bethlehem  
Red blazed the inn before;  
"He is not there," the shepherds  
And passed by the door.

Loud roared the revellers within,  
Then drowsed to sleep again;  
"Glory to God!" the shepherds said,  
"And peace, good will to men!"

For they did seem to hear once more  
The angels on the hill;  
In the dark streets of Bethlehem  
They sang of God's good will.

So came they to a stable mean,  
And heard across the air  
The crying of a little Child  
And knew the King was there.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

#### A Source of Annoyance.

A gentlemen, coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three-year-old, who was playing very noisily.

The little lady dropped her playthings and retreated hastily to a corner.

"What's the matter?" asked papa.

"Well," said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and now you come home and make trouble the first thing."

#### Very Seldom.

"What is the use of flopping your claws around in that fashion?" said the oyster to the crab. There's no use in getting excited.

"I'll bet you'd be excited if you were in my place," said the crab.

"I don't lose my temper."

"At all events it is very seldom that you get into a stew."

and Lake Ontario, is called the Niagara, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron the St. Clair and Detroit River, and between Lake Huron and Lake Superior the St. Mary's River. Yet are these all one and the same river, the lakes being but so many expansions of its waters.

Beyond Lake Superior, to the northward, there is still another portion of its course, called the Nepigon, a noble stream of clear, azure-tinted water nearly as large as the Hudson in volume, which flows down from the great Lake Nepigon in the heart of the Canadian wilderness.

Until recently Lake Nepigon has been but little known. On our maps it is figured as a much smaller lake than it really is. Its actual dimensions are about seventy-three miles in length by fifty-one in breadth. These figures give but an inadequate idea of its size, for there are five great bays varying from twenty to ten miles in length. The actual coast line of the lake is not much less than six hundred miles.

Twelve rivers of considerable size, four of them rising far up on the "divide" toward James Bay, flow into it, and its waters rival those of Lake George in purity and clearness. It literally swarms with whitefish and trout.

The Nepigon River—the outlet of the lake—may be fairly termed the northerly and upper course of the St. Lawrence, not only from its size, exceeding greatly all other rivers flowing into Lake Superior, but from the clearness and color of its water, and other general characteristics.

Whereas the other smaller rivers of Lake Superior are "black-water" rivers, that is to say, having turbid or stained water, the Nepigon is clear and a beautiful river of the same azure, sea green and marine-blue water which one sees at Niagara and in the St. Lawrence.

#### Strange Occupations for Women.

At Martha's Vineyard a dumb woman owns and manages a schooner and earns a living as a fisherman. Between times she peddles threads and buttons along the coast. At Cincinnati there is also a boat woman who earns her living on the water. In Maine many women are farmers, working from 200 to 300 acres, and, of course, finding time to read the magazines. At Louisville a Mrs. Shelby is sexton of St. John's cemetery. At Gardiner, Me., Mrs. Preble is a marble and granite cutter employing ten or twelve men. In New York City Mrs. Gill is a shoemaker. The best of her work is cobbler. Also in New York Mrs. Emma Yewdell gets along fairly well keeping a livery stable. San Francisco and Brooklyn have each a woman blacksmith, Mrs. Lena Seigfried, of New Orleans, is a bird hunter, living on her father's schooner, and able to kill, clean and prepare more birds to the hour than any male hunter along the coast. In New Orleans more than any other city we have women engaged in occupations unusual to the sex. Here are to be found women editors, merchants, florists, dairy farmers and manufacturers in great numbers, all earning good sums of money.—[New York Paper.

#### An Afflicted Family.

Old Lady (to small boy, who is endeavoring to attach tin can to dog's tail)—"You naughty little boy! What would your mother say if she saw you acting so cruelly?"

Small Boy—"She wouldn't say anything; she's dumb."

"But if your father could see you, he—" "Would give all he's worth; he's blind."



## CHRISTMAS CANDY.

**HICKORYNUT CANDY.**—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water. Boil until thick, flavor with extract of lemon, stir in one cup of hickory nut meats, turn in a large flat dish. When cold cut in squares.

**ALMOND CANDY.**—To one pound of sugar take half a pint of water and the white of one egg, let stand a short time, then boil a few minutes, skim and boil until thick. Mix in a pound of blanched almonds, take from the fire, stir, and pour on buttered plates.

**COCONUT CANDY.**—A pound and a half of white sugar and one pound of grated coconut; add the milk of the coconut to sugar, boil five minutes, put in the grated coconut, boil ten minutes longer, and stir to keep from burning. Pour on buttered plates to harden.

**NOUGAT.**—Drop a pound of almonds in boiling water, skin, when cool, cut in pieces. Dissolve a pound of sugar with a little water. Pour in the almonds, and cook eight minutes. Grease a pan, set in a warm place, put the almonds and sugar on, press them to the side and bottom of the pan with a lemon cut in halves. Take off the stove, turn on a plate and cool.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—Put half a pound of chocolate, half a teaspoon of molasses, a cup of sweet milk, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of butter in a preserving kettle, set on the fire, let heat slowly, and stir until dissolved. Then boil until stiff. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, turn in a greased pan, when partly cool, mark in squares with a dull knife, stand in a cool place to harden.

**CREAM DATES.**—Put the white of one egg and a little cold water in a bowl; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until frothy, add sugar to make a stiff paste, work with the hands until smooth, form in small balls, lay on greased paper, and put in a cool place to dry. Remove the stones from large dates and press the little balls into the places, roll in granulated sugar and set away to harden.

**QUICK MOLASSES CANDY.**—One cup of New Orleans molasses; one half cup of light brown sugar, two tablespoons of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil steadily about ten minutes, then try in cold water, if it hardens it is done. Just before taking it from the fire add one-fourth of a teaspoon of baking soda; do not dissolve it, but put it in dry. Pour on buttered plates to cool, and pull as soon as can be handled. Very nice pop-corn balls are made by having the corn roasted and leaving a little of the candy in the bottom of the kettle, pour in all the popped corn it will dampen, stirring carefully until it takes up the candy.

### The Dusky Duck.

Within the blind, before 'tis light,  
I take my place to watch, and wait  
The coming of the morning flight  
Of dusky ducks, to meet their fate.  
The mist against the eastern sky  
Is rising now; as breaks the day  
The gloom is fading into light,  
The horizon is streaked with gray.

I think that up the stream I see  
A welcome sight, as in the air  
A speck appear: yes, one, two, three,  
Nine large black ducks towards me bear,  
My trusty "Greener" with trembling hands  
I closer grip, and try to calm  
My breaking heart, while on the sands  
I lower crouch, so that the charm  
May not be broken: now the flock

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

### A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze,  
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,  
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,  
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,

We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,  
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,  
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,  
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured,

We praise thee, gracious God.

For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,  
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,  
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye  
That warms with a welcome and glooms with good-bye,

We praise thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,  
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,  
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad,  
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,

We pray thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp  
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,  
That for north and for south and for east and for west,  
The horror of war be forever at rest,

We pray thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,  
That fall on us all from the Father on high,  
For the crown of all blessing since blessing begun,  
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of thy Son,

We praise thee, gracious God.

S. E. ADAMS in The Century.

Sir Edward Guinness has donated \$1,000,000 for the erection of dwellings for the laboring poor of London.

For the information of posterity a London newspaper has elicited, directly from the ex Lord Mayor, that he has partaken of 250 public dinners during his term of office.

According to a London daily, there are about 2,500 building associations, with over 600,000 members, in the United Kingdom. Last year their receipts were upwards of \$100,000,000.

The Japanese are fond of raw fish. When the fisherman goes a-fishing he has a bottle of pepper-sauce along with him, and taking the fish from the hook, eats it at its freshest. This seems barbarous to us, and yet we eat raw oysters, and live oysters, too!

The debt of the City of Paris amounts to 790 francs for every man, woman and child within the city limits. In Frankfurt the debt is equivalent to 317 francs per head. In Milan to 218, in Berlin to 154, in The Hague to 136. In Brussels, the most heavily indebted of all European cities, to

## SPIRITUOUS STATISTICS.

### Production of Wine in Various Countries—Our Consumption of Distilled Spirits.

The chief of the government bureau of statistics, in his recent report to the secretary of the treasury on the production, consumption, etc., of spirituous and malt liquors and wines, extended his investigations through a series of twenty years in order to compare the relation borne by the liquor industries in the United States to those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Canada. The following are some of the leading characteristics exhibited, so far as relates to the countries mentioned: First, the rapid increase of the consumption of malt liquors in the United States; second, in the consumption of beer per capita Great Britain stands first, Germany second, the United States third, and Canada fourth; third, France is the largest consumer of wine per capita; fourth, Denmark appears to be the largest consumer of spirituous liquors per capita. From a report by the United States consul at Marseilles, dated Feb. 27, 1889, the production of wine in the principal wine-growing countries of the world, vintage of 1883, is given in gallons as follows: Australia, 1,902,024; Austria, 92,459,500; Algeria, 72,072,788; Cape Colony, 4,490,890; France, 795,244,534; Greece, 46,493,920; Hungary, 184,919,000; Italy, 798,242,439; Portugal, 132,085,000; Roumania, 18,418,900; Russia, 92,459,500; Servia, 52,834,000; Spain, 607,591,000; Switzerland, 29,058,700; Turkey and Cyprus, 68,684,200; United States, 32,000,000. It may interest prohibitionists to know in detail that during the year ending June 30, 1888, there were consumed in the United States distilled spirits as follows, the figures representing proof gallons: Domestic, from fruit, 888,107. Other—Bourbon whisky, 12,190,013; rye whisky, 5,148,241; alcohol, 10,487,938; rum, 1,114,544; gin, 803,283; highwines, 1,044,586; pure neutral, etc., 28,289,697; miscellaneous, 14,174,979. Total domestic, 74,201,386. Imported—Alcohol, 153,143; brandy, 437,519; cordials, etc., 143,780. Other—From grain, 646,107; from other material, 236,403. Total imported, 1,643,966. Total spirits, 75,845,952.

### A Good Boy.

It was a bright morning in early spring. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing in the tree tops. In a small old house facing an alley in the large city of New York, lived a poor widow and three children. John, who was the eldest of the boys, sold papers, while James and Ned stayed at home with their mother.

John was not always successful in selling his papers, and this made him very sad. At last, the time came when this poor family had no more food to eat, and they came near starving. One morning when John was walking along the street selling papers, he saw something drop from a lady's pocket who was walking ahead of him. John ran and picked it up. It was a purse with a large sum of money in it.

Now John was a good boy and knew it would not be right to keep the purse although they were poor and in need at home so he ran up to the lady and asked her if the purse belonged to her.

"Yes," she said, "I just lost it. Thank you, my boy. Come with me, and I will find you some work to do that will be better than selling papers. You were kind to find my purse and not have kept it, as most boys would have done."

Johnny walked along with the lady until they reached a large building. They went

Is scarcely coming to the blind:  
My heart stops beating; here they come  
On whirling pinions like the wind.  
Just as they turn my right speaks out,  
And bang! I pat! I pat! Now two ducks fall,  
Then with the left through smoke and doubt  
I speak, two answers to the call.

Two shots, four ducks, with rapture held,  
There's nothing more I can desire.

My wife at once the dream dispelled  
With "Come, get up and make the fire."

### Marriage Festivities of Our Ancestors.

It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages a hundred years ago. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject:—"Married in June, 1760, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tossor, near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotten, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton, and a quantity of beef, twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half ankers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of five hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity."

### Hints on Hats.

Few seasons have been less rigorous in the matter of style; and if a woman's bonnet does not become her it will be her own fault, for the amplest play is allowed to personal taste. Certainly some modes predominate, and the theatre hat is becoming a specialty. Poppy-red is particularly fashionable for theatre and evening bonnets, and they are generally made of some delicate fabric, such as tulle or lace, or the lovely directoire frilling that can be gathered into tosettes and allowed to fall softly about the face.

Of winter bonnets the New York "World" says that as they diminish in size, the hats increase at the brim and flatten in the crown. Charming black felts, with broad shovel brims, have a band of Astrachan running round the edge, and are trimmed with a couple of long-tailed black-birds and ribbon loops drawn forward from the back. These hats become almost every style of face.

### Because.

"Freddie," said a little girl to her brother, "do you know why the world goes round and round?"

"Yes," replied Freddie promptly.

"Why?"

"Because it has its axis to grind."

1,805

— Millions of mocking birds are said to frequent the Yosemite Valley. A letter-writer says their music is sometimes low and sweet, anon sad and plaintive, and then full rich and triumphant, like a psalm of joy and gladness. The effect upon the listener becomes almost unsupportable, so overpowering in sweetness is the volume in song. Fortunately, when the wind dies away, the thunder of the waterfall comes in to break the spell.

The beard of Henry S. Cook, a tailor, of Norwich, Conn., is as long as he is. Mr. Cook is a small man, 60 years old. His beard is jet black and fine and silky, and so is his hair. When he is erect and his beard unfurled, he can step on six inches of it. He wears it ordinarily coiled in a wad inside his vest. Barnum wanted Mr. Cook to travel with his circus; but Cook is prosperous, and does not care to be a freak.

France is going to put an increased tax upon strong liquors as a means of checking their sale as much as possible, potato brandy and other strong and injurious liquor having come into use in the north, since the vine-lands of France became injured by the phylloxera. The Germans will be sufferers by the taxation, if it becomes prohibitive, for they manufacture most of the infamous impure liquor which is drunk by the Belgians and the poorer classes in northern France.

Japanese gold thread, which is used in finer embroidery on account of its elegant lustre, consists of a core of silk or of wool and a spiral envelope of thin gilded paper. The strip of paper is only two-fiftieths to three-fiftieths of an inch wide, and therefore must be wound with great care. The thread thus wound is saturated with shellac and then gilded. Compared to European gold thread, these threads possess the advantage of greater flexibility and finer lustre. In this they equal the beautiful gold thread of the middle ages, the manufacture of which for a long time was a lost art, and was recently discovered by microscopic investigation.

The disappearance of the buffalo from the North American plains is leading to the consideration of a possibility of the elephant becoming extinct in Africa. The consequences to the ivory trade would be dire, and the contingency may not be so remote as some think. The best ivory comes from Africa, and the destruction of elephants there annually is very great, one authority estimating that in fifty years the animals will be extinct. The consumption of ivory has been estimated at about 15,000 cwt. yearly, which would mean the destruction of perhaps 45,000 elephants, while the natives of Africa themselves kill a good many and retain the finest tusks for their own decoration. Our civilization demands knife-handles, combs, piano keys and billiard balls of ivory, and when the supply of material runs out some inventive genius will have to try his hand at a substitute, though the connoisseurs affect to believe that nothing can ever take the place of the best ivory.

she said she would give him work so that he might support himself and those at home. The lady then took him to a room in the large building. Here a man was sitting. The lady told John he was her father. He looked to be a very pleasant and good man, and so he was.

The lady then told her father the story, and he said, with a smile on his face, "I will give you work here, my boy, if you will come to me early in the morning, and I will pay you a good sum of money each month."

That night John ran home, very happy, and told his mother the good news. How surprised she was, and how glad that Johnny had work!

The next morning John went to work bright and early and did his many errands for the gentleman. Johnny earned enough in this way, so they were a much more happy family. It was all through Johnny's hands.

### Burdette's Advice.

Excellent advice does "Bob" Burdette, the genial humorist, give in one of his last magazine articles. Speaking of the lowering peevishness of spite he says:—"Every time you are tempted to say an ungentle word, or write an unkind line, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop; look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then. Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes, when a man has pitched into me and 'cut me up rough,' and I want to pulverize him I write a letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Then, I don't mail the letter, and I don't print the editorial. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say, 'I don't know about this.' There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer.' The next day I read it again. I laugh and say, 'Pshaw!' I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tired, vexed, harassed old world loves you." Good advice, from a humorist or anyone else.

### Woman and Tobacco.

Woman. "How many of those cigars for a dollar?"

Dealer. "Twelve, ma'am. Shall I do them up?"

Woman. "No, I guess they're not the kind Charley smokes. I can get twenty-five for the same money on the next corner; and Charley tells me he is very economical in his smoking."

### Practical Demonstration

"I understand," said a handsome young woman, entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls and that you are in need of a forewoman?"

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself around.

She was engaged.



CHRISTMAS.



# PARDONED AT LAST.

A THRILLING CHRISTMAS STORY BY "JACK FROST."

## ACT THE FOURTH.

Mrs. Peyton and her son were frequent visitors at Fairlawn, and none were more welcome than they.

Myrtle was a great favourite with her, and a close bond of union was being cemented between them in these peaceful days, which might stand the strain of dark ones.

Erle had a long conversation with Mr. Dene when he pleaded for Myrtle's hand in marriage.

"My daughter is very young yet—a mere child, in fact, and you too have not seen many summers of your life," he said, gravely. "Hasty love-matches do not, as a rule, turn out well. I have no desire to thwart Myrtle's inclinations; I like you, and have no doubt you would make her an excellent husband."

"Then you permit our engagement?" Erle answered, eagerly.

"Yes, under certain conditions; that you obtain your father's consent;—that gained, the marriage does not take place (ill Myrtle is twenty-two years of age (she is twenty now), and not even then, as certain matters in my past life are not satisfactorily cleared up."

"Myrtle said something to me about my bearing a close resemblance to an enemy of yours. Do your conditions refer to that?" Erle asked sadly.

"No; it is clear that you are not related to that man," Dene answered, readily. "I refer to some great wrong done to myself—an injustice it is impossible I can explain at the present moment."

"I am glad to hear you say that, sir. As regards my father, we expect him home shortly, when I am sure of gaining his consent; he has only to see Myrtle to love her as a daughter."

"I trust the love you profess for my child will stand the test of time," Dene said, gently; "strange and startling changes sometimes happen in this life."

"Nothing could change my deep affection for Myrtle; it would kill me if I lost her," he protested, warmly.

"I am content," Dene said, with a sigh. "May Heaven shield and protect you both, in my earnest prayer."

Erle Peyton was satisfied, and hastened to tell the good news to Myrtle, and henceforth they looked on each other as affianced man and wife.

At their period of life love was one continual poem; something fresh and new was inscribed on its pages daily—day hourly.

The thoughts of each heart were pure, unsullied; no dark places were there—no spot which need be hidden from the searching gaze of the other.

The struggles, trials and difficulties of life had not touched them as yet; love's bark rode on a calm sea in unbroken sunlight.

'Twas a something to think of, to look back upon in after life—this perfect union of two hearts, with only one absorbing thought between them; it was an earthly Heaven such as Paradise must have been before the Fall.

It brought a secret joy to Mr. Dene's heart to see the tranquil content of the one being earth held for him. He was solaced for years of misery, of cruel punishment and torture; it seemed as if his evil genius was tired of persecuting him, and fled before the guileless, unselfish love of parent and

alone in this room would drive her mad—turn her hair grey.

Such a mortal terror had seized upon her that when she rose from her chair, her limbs refused to support her, and she stumbled heavily against the wall which partitioned the study from the billiard room.

Something seemed to fly open suddenly, and when she recovered consciousness, she found herself lying in an open doorway. She had fallen against the spring of a secret door, which Mr. Dene, for some purpose best known to himself, had had made there.

All her courage came back to her now. Taking up the candle, and closing the secret door, she hastened up to the drawing-room, eager to begin perusing the diary.

Drinking some wine to steady her nerves, she seated herself in a cosy armchair, and after adjusting the reading-lamp, began to read.

So absorbed was she that the hours sped by, and still found her engaged in the task. The ornate clock on the marble mantel-shelf chimed the hour of midnight.

"It will be three before they are home," she murmured. "I think I shall be missed of Fairlawn House after all."

Another hour passed, and still her absorption continued; what she read had a terrible fascination for her. About this time she thought she detected a stealthy footstep in the room, but put it down to nervousness, and read on.

"At last!" she murmured, as she closed the book. "I know all, and mean to use my power skillfully."

The next moment she was held down in her chair, and a handkerchief placed over her nose and mouth until she became insensible. 'Twas the work of a burglar, who wore a crape mask.

"Cleverly done," he muttered, and thereupon commenced to clear the room of everything valuable and portable, not forgetting Miss Becky's portmanteau, which he took from her pocket, also her watch and chain. "She's safe enough for another hour," he chuckled. "This will be a good night's work for me; couldn't find a better crib to crack from here to John O'Groat's. Here's another sack-load of swag, matey," he said, handing it through the gate abutting on the river, "and here's some prime stuff to swig. I'm off for another lot."

"Better be satisfied, Jack," said a woman's voice from the boat; "them river police might spot us, or the family come back atop of you."

"I'll chance it," was the gruff reply. "If you hear a disturbance, row away like mad; I'll escape by the road."

"Hilloa, my man, who are you, and what do you want here?" said Erle Peyton, who, with his mother, had just returned in Dene's carriage.

The burglar's answer was to aim a terrific blow at his head with a life-preserver, which Erle warded off with his right arm.

The arm fell helplessly at his side; but before he could repeat the blow, Mr. Dene had him by the throat in a grip of iron, from which he could not shake himself free.

Myrtle and Mrs. Peyton screamed in chorus, as well they might, and a posse of alarmed servants were quickly on the spot, to whom Mr. Dene handed over the half-strangled burglar.

Poor Erle Peyton was assisted to the

upon him. He knew that the criminal was safely away, and trusted he would never meet him again in life. Publicity had been avoided, and to him that fact was of incalculable service.

But he was soon to be confronted by another danger from an unexpected quarter. He missed his keys, which Becky had kept in her pocket, thinking that she would be able to put back the diary before he returned. But Skinner's unexpected attack had rendered that impossible.

"Have you seen my keys, Myrtle?" he asked, anxiously, the second morning following the burglary.

"No, papa, have you lost them?"

"Yes! I wouldn't care so much if the bunch did not contain the keys of my study. I must ask the servants about them."

Poor Myrtle had been so upset by recent events that she had quite forgotten the fact of picking up the diary in the drawing-room at Miss Pride's feet. Her lover's state, though not critical, was sufficiently grave, too, to cause her anxiety. She had to receive visitors, anxious and curious about the recent events, and to answer numerous letters of condolence and inquiry. But the keys brought the circumstance to her recollection, and she said:

"Have you missed any of your private papers or books, papa?"

"I cannot tell what is missing until I find my keys," he said, fretfully. "These constant upsets are really too bad."

"Wait a minute!" she replied, with a strange expression, as a light began to dawn upon her. "I think I know where your keys are." Going straight to Becky's room, she said, quietly: "Did you find a bunch of keys?—papa has missed his."

A guilty flush came into her face, as she answered:

"Yes, I put them in my pocket; they were on the drawing-room table, dear."

"Thanks," said Myrtle, somewhat coldly, and returned to her father, to whom she gave the keys, saying, "Miss Pride found them, papa."

"I am very much obliged to her, I'm sure," he remarked, greatly relieved, and would have dismissed the incident from his mind if Myrtle had not said, as she placed the diary in his hand, "That is yours, papa—is it not?"

He flushed, and then turned as white as marble, on recognizing the book.

"I found it in the drawing room, lying at Miss Pride's feet on the night of the burglary," she continued, speaking very gravely. "She must have been reading it."

He nodded, for his rage was too great to find vent in words: every secret of his life was laid bare to a designing woman—a traitress—who, by this time knew that he was an escaped convict.

The same relentless fate that had sent him to Siberia still pursued him implacably—ruthlessly.

Was he never to find rest or peace? Was he to be hunted like a wild beast, and find no haven where he could hide until his innocence was made clear?

Myrtle read all this in the workings of his face, and if she ever hated a woman it was Becky Pride.

Laying her hand gently on his arm, she said, in accents of tender solicitude:

"Papa, you appear vexed—grieved. Is there anything compromising in that book?"

"Yes—it tells of my being an escaped convict!" he moaned, a piteous look in his eyes that cut her to the heart.

"Defy her—charge her with her treachery—with theft! Your name is not to it, surely; and even if it is, you can tell her that it was only the outline of a plot you had written for a novel. If you will permit me,

Those dark, brooding thoughts of vengeance, which had haunted him—been his constant companions for years—were slowly fading from his mind, to be replaced by others, better, holier.

Miss Becky Pride saw all this, and was not too pleased; her ambitious schemes were thwarted, and she had serious thoughts of retiring from the contest by leaving his service, when something happened to give her fresh hope.

Myrtle and her father had gone to a party, leaving her at home, as she pleaded indisposition. An unusual thing for him, he left his keys on the drawing room table, being rather hurried in getting away. She pounced upon them with secret joy and triumph; she could now penetrate to Blue Beard's chamber, and discover something of importance. She was sure he kept all his important correspondence there, and she hoped to discover its hiding-place.

Armed with a candle and matches, she stole out, and having tried the door till she found the right key, unlocked it, and entered.

Lighting the candle, she looked around, and was rather disappointed to find it all so commonplace. She saw the glass jars, but wisely resolved not to meddle with them, and was right, for they contained deadly poisons.

The curtain next attracted her attention and drawing it softly aside, she started on seeing that waxy face. Its resemblance to Erle Peyton struck her instantly, as did also the peculiar V-shape mark on the left cheek.

"This, then, is his enemy, the Duke of Britany," she said to herself. "I would know him if I saw him among a thousand. Strange that Mr. Dene should keep such a memento here. I am sure there is some dark secret connected with his life. If I can only find the hiding-place of his letters I may learn what that secret is."

She espied an escritoire, which she was not long in unlocking.

A novice in the art of ransacking drawers would have left traces of his or her handiwork behind. Not so she; each packet was looked over, and put back exactly as before.

A book of MS. proved a rich prize; it was headed "My Diary." At first she thought of reading it there; but the spot was too gruesome for one possessed of such delicate, sensitive nerves as hers. Concealing the precious treasure in her pocket, she tried to open the door, but failed.

Mr. Dene alone knew the secret of the lock from the inside; she was fairly trapped, caught, "hoist with her own petard."

He would return, miss her, and all be discovered; then disgrace, with one fell swoop, would overwhelm her. She grew sick at heart, and dizzy at the awful prospect—at the being found out. In unearthing the family skeleton, she had become clasped in its bony arms, and saw those sightless sockets glaring at her.

Her state of terror was pitiable, and she thought that perhaps days might elapse before the door—a massive one—could be broken through, added poignancy to it.

Summoning up courage, she once more essayed to discover the secret of the lock, but in vain.

It occurred to her that her immunity from disgrace would consist in mastering the contents of the diary, which, if it contained any secrets, would enable her to defy him.

But the effort to read was fruitless; the words swam before her eyes like phantoms, and she closed the book with a little cry of despair. What was she to do—how to act? If she shouted ever so for help, her cries would not be heard. To pass a whole night

drawing-room, and a doctor sent for in haste.

Miss Becky Pride was found in an insensible condition, and lying at her feet was the purloined diary.

Myrtle picked it up mechanically; but on recognizing her father's handwriting, placed it hastily in her pocket.

Meanwhile, the burglar had been placed in a room to await the coming of the police.

"Wants to see me, Manvers?" said Mr. Dene, when the butler delivered the burglar's message.

"Yes, sir; says it's important. It will be too late when the police arrives."

"Perhaps he wants to give up what he has stolen," Dene remarked. "I will see him."

"Now, my man, what is it?" he asked, sternly, on entering the room.

"Is anyone listening, sir?" said the fellow.

"No! you can speak out; but be quick."

"I'm Jack Skinner, sir. My missus brought up your daughter, Miss Myrtle," he said, with a whine. "But it isn't for that I asked you to come. When you took her away from us a gent came to ask about her; he had three moles on his cheek, like the letter V."

"Good Heavens!" Mr. Dene exclaimed, "hrown off his guard for the moment."

"We met him again, sir, only to day—Heaven's truth, we did, sir; and he wanted to know where you were, very bad. We wouldn't tell him, sir, no fear! without first seeing you. I took a drop too much to drink, sir, and forgot myself. Don't lock me up—please don't, for Miss Myrtle's sake! We was as kind as poor folk could be to her, sir, all those years."

"I am afraid I can't help you; you have been guilty of violence, as well as robbery," he returned, severely.

"It was only a tap on the arm, sir; the young gent will soon get over that. If you just cut these cords, I can get out through the windows, and no one can say you helped me. If I'm had up before the beak, I must tell everything."

Bertram Dene winced at this veiled threat. Publicity was what he most dreaded at this crisis in his affairs, for Myrtle's sake as well as his own.

In a few minutes he had freed the wretch from the cords, saying:

"You must leave England to-morrow. I will find the money. Where can I meet you?"

"At the Fulham side of Putney Bridge."

"At what hour?"

"Twelve o'clock in the day."

"I'll be there!"

At the door Mr. Dene turned, and said, in a loud voice:

"I regret your position, my man; but cannot help you. The law must take its course."

He locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

When the police arrived their prisoner had flown, and though a strict search was made of the grounds, no trace of him was found.

The police investigated the affair of the burglary next morning, and traced heavy footsteps in the direction of the river; but here the clue failed.

Miss Becky could give no information whatever about the affair, except that she was attacked suddenly, and quickly rendered insensible.

Naturally the matter made a great stir, especially when it became known that the burglar had assaulted young Mr. Peyton.

Mr. Dene took the affair very quietly, and made light of the loss the robbery had entailed

"She has suspected something for some time past; the story she told us, as related by Lady Rose, proves that much. If I dismiss her, I cannot muzzle her tongue, child. The Duke would hear of it, and frustrate all the plans I have weaved to establish my innocence."

"Why should you fear that man, papa? 'Tis he who ought to tremble, to think that you have escaped—that you are alive to track him down—to exact a terrible vengeance for all the wrongs he has inflicted upon your innocent head. Oh, that I were a man, instead of a weak woman! I would soon force him to do you justice. As for this woman, she must and shall be crushed!"

"I do not fear him because of any further injury he could inflict upon me. My liberty is not in jeopardy. In England I am, and can remain, a free man—there is no extradition treaty for such a case as mine; but I do tremble lest he should learn of your existence. Already he has been trying to discover you."

"Who told you that?" she asked, eagerly.

"Skinner—the man who committed the burglary," he answered; "he said that only the previous day the Duke recognized him and wanted your address and mine. 'Twas to prevent him gaining the information that I let the burglar escape, and gave him a large sum of money next day to frank him and his wife to America."

"The duke, black hearted and unscrupulous as he is, dare not molest me, papa. The whole of England—all the civilized world—would hound him down if he dared to hurt even a hair of my head," she said, with ringing defiance in her voice.

"He is too cunning to attempt anything openly, my child, and I am too wary to invite attack. I am rich enough to bribe Miss Pride to keep silent. Patience gained me my liberty: thrice I attempted to escape, was caught, flogged, chained—almost starved; but my goalers could not break my spirit or crush my resolution, and to day I stand here, a free man."

"It is cruel to have to submit tamely," she sighed, her proud nature rebelling at the mere thought of that woman having the power to injure them.

"Bitterly cruel, I admit; but our turn will come, child—endurance now leads to future victory," he said, kissing her forehead tenderly with deep admiration shining in his eyes of her noble courage.

"May I speak to her on the matter? I promise to be prudent, not to let one angry word—a single reproach—escape me. Perhaps she will give me some insight into her motive, and prepare you to come to some arrangement."

"Yes; I will trust you, Myrtle, with this delicate negotiation. You have shown a self-possession—a tact—far beyond your years. Make her no offer—do not even hint at such a thing: merely probe her purpose, if possible."

Myrtle nodded, and hastened to fight out this battle, woman to woman. The fair fame of her noble father was at stake, and for it she would fight like a tigress robbed of its young.

Miss Pride lay on the couch in her room, a prey, not to remorse, but fear.

She had eaten the bread and salt of these people, had been treated loyally, generously, as a friend—not a dependant; yet she thought not of the treachery she had been guilty of.

She was self—all self—and wanted to make Mr. Dene wed her, not from love, but from fear. She expected a visit from him; but instead Myrtle came, her face showing no index of the passion that was consuming her.

"Papa thanks you for taking such care of



He was seated in the grand salon, filled with objects of *virtu*—pictures, vases, priceless porcelain and innumerable treasures from every clime—reading the *Moniteur*, in irreproachable dress—an Adonis of fifty

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by addressing with name, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes 149 "Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.

[illegible]

TWEED TO YARKER AND NAPANEE.					
Mis.	Stations.	Pass <sup>r</sup>	Express	Pass <sup>r</sup>	
	Toronto	Leave P.M.	A.M.		
	via Canadian Pacific Ry	\$ 8 45	8 45		
		A.M.	P.M.		P.M.
0	Tweed	Leave	6 15	1 30	
3	Sooco	"	6 25	1 40	
7	Larkins	"	6 40	1 50	
3	Marlbank	"	6 50	2 05	
7	E ousville	"	7 10	2 15	
0	Tamworth	"	7 20	2 25	
4	Wilson *	"			
3	Enterprise	"	7 40	2 40	
3	Mudlake Bge *	"			
1	Moscow	"	7 55	2 50	
3	Galbreith *	"	8 10	3 00	
5	Yarker Ar.	"	8 20	3 00	6 00
	" Lv.	"	8 25	3 15	5 15
0	Cumden East	"			
1	Tompson's Mill *	"	8 33	3 23	6 25
2	Newburgh	"	8 40	3 30	6 30
4	Napanee Mills	"	8 55	3 45	6 45
0	Napanee	Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
	Bellefleur via G.T.R.	ar	11 00	5 35	11 10



ne, summers.

A servant presented a card on a gold salver, bowing low and obsequiously, as if approaching a deity.

"Pierre Verlon, Notary, Paris," was inscribed on the card.

"Show him in here," was the haughty response, accompanied by a dignified wave of a hand on which rare gems glistened.

Enter Pierre Verlon in rusty black; a stooping figure, bristling gray eyebrows surmounting eyes of piercing blackness—not by any means a person in keeping with the refined surroundings of the apartment, but a man of parts for all that.

"Monsieur, your pleasure?" said the duke, hardly deigning to look up from his paper.

"It is important enough for you to put down your paper and attend to it, monseigneur," was the calm reply.

"You are uncouth," was the disdainful reply.

"But a lover of truth; one who holds your honour and fame in his hands," was the bold reply.

"My lacqueys shall show you the door," was the angry retort.

"What matters?" came cool reply, accompanied by a shrug. "All Paris shall ring with the perfidy of the noble Duke of Brittany."

"You dare this?"

"Yes—your victim, the husband of your sister, has escaped from Siberia, and his child lives and is with him."

"'Tis false!" hisses the duke.

"You only believe what suits you, monseigneur. I tell you truths."

"Well, what of that!—he is still a criminal," was the sneering reply.

"Not so—a martyr, and you know it. Don't knit your brows; I care naught for your anger. A Frenchman is not fallen so low as to fear even a perjured duke. Be calm—the witnesses you suborned are known to me, and have confessed. You see I am armed with facts; you have only the memory of past misdeeds to support you."

"Did he send you here?"

"I wanted no sending. I am his friend. I protected his child, and I, noble duke, mean to stand by him to the end."

"He wants money," the duke sneered.

"Pish! he is almost as rich as you, and will be wealthier when he wrings from you his wife's fortune. If you are wise you will conciliate him, not defy."

"What is it you want?" he asked, grinding his teeth with impotent rage.

"A written confession of his innocence."

"That he shall never receive from me," he cried, revengefully.

"As you please, I give you an opportunity of hushing this grave scandal up. It may transpire that you not only employed false witnesses to swear away his life, but kidnapped his wife, murdered her perhaps," said the notary, with imperturbable calmness of manner and speech, and keeping his eyes fixed on his face.

Every drop of blood left the duke's face, which became the colour of marble, and for the moment the notary thought he was dying.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. Boulanger, in London, received an offer from an American of a lucrative invitation to make a tour through American cities and ventilate his ideas on the French republic.

There is an amusing story told of a Delaware man, who received a "horning" because he married within a month after his first wife's death. He told the serenaders that he didn't think it showed good taste to come banging around a man's house so soon after a funeral.

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Belleveille via G.T.R. ar. 11:00 5:35 11:10  
 Toronto " 5:55 p.m. 10:15 7:30 a.m. 11:15  
 Montreal " 7:05 " 7:45 a.m. 7:45 a.m.

**KINGSTON TO YARKER AND NAPANEE.**

Mls.	Stations	Leave	Pass'r	Express	Pass'r
			P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
	Toronto	Leave	8:55	7:00	9:00
	via Grand Trunk Ry.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
0	Kingston	Leave		1:20	4:45
2	G.T. Ry. Jct			1:25	4:50
0	Glenvale*				
14	Murvale*			1:48	5:25
19	Harrowsmith Ar			2:05	5:35
	"	Lv		2:05	5:35
22	Frontenac			2:10	5:45
26	Yarker Ar		8:10	2:20	5:55
	"	Lv	8:10	8:00	6:00
30	Camden East		8:25	3:13	6:15
31	Thomson's Mills*				
32	Newburgh		8:23	3:23	6:22
34	Napanee Mills		8:40	3:30	6:30
40	Napanee	Arrive	8:55	3:45	6:45
6	Leville via G.T.R. ar	11:00		5:35	1:10
	Toronto		5:55	10:15	7:30 a.m.
	Montreal		7:05	7:45 a.m.	7:45 " "

**NAPANEE TO YARKER AND KINGSTON.**

Mls.	Stations	Leave	Pass'r	Express	Pass'r
			P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
	Toronto	Leave	8:35	7:00	9:00
	via Grand Trunk Ry.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
0	Napanee	Leave	7:15	12:10	5:00
6	Napanee Mills		7:30	12:25	5:15
8	Newburgh		7:33	12:33	5:23
9	Thomson's Mills*				
10	Camden East		7:45	12:40	5:30
15	Yarker Ar		8:00	12:55	5:45
	"	Lv	8:00	12:55	
18	Frontenac				
21	Harrowsmith Ar		8:25	1:15	
	"	Lv	8:30	3:15	
26	Murvale*		8:45	3:25	
30	Glenvale*				
38	G.T. Ry. Jct		9:15	3:55	
40	Kingston	Arrive	9:20	4:00	
	Ottawa via K. & P. & C.P.R.			5:45 p.m.	
	Montreal			7:55	

CONNECTIONS.—At Napanee with Grand Trunk Railway, East and West. With Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company, (Limited) for Bay of Quinte points.

At Tweed with Canadian Pacific Railway, East and West and Stage lines North.

At Harrowsmith with Kingston and Pembroke Railway for points North.

At Kingston with Grand Trunk Railway and all Steamers on the St. Lawrence.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.—Camden East for Centreville and Desmond, Yarker for Petworth, Tamworth for Arden tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Conductor will collect five cents extra from all not supplied with a ticket excepting those who get on at a flag station. No return tickets issued on the train.

\*Indicate trains stop on signals.

R. C. CARTER. H. B. SHERWOOD. E. W. RAYBURN.  
 Asst Gen. Man. Superintendent. Gen. Man.

**PIANOS ON THE**

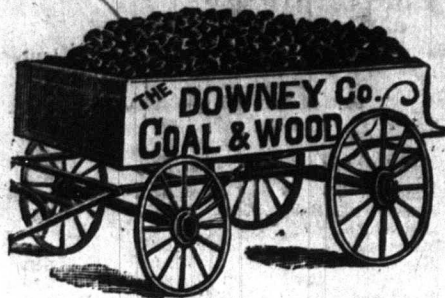
**3 YEARS SYSTEM**

A regular monthly, quarterly or half-yearly payment (a slight advance on the rental rate) buys the instrument.

Any piano may be chosen out of a magnificent assortment of Uprights, Squares, and Grands, unsurpassed in quality and value. Ministers, Teachers, Government Officers, and those in receipt of regular incomes will find this a convenient and advantageous mode for securing a first-class instrument. When the instrument is used for practice, our Soft Stop or Practice Pedal saves wear on the nerves, as well as preserves the tone of the piano. Our Patent Foot Pedal attachment for Pianos is invaluable to organists, students, and teachers. Prices on application. Inspection invited.

**Octavius Newcombe & Co.**

Warerooms—107 and 109 Church St. Toronto. Factory, the finest in its equipments and appliances in the city, 89 to 97 Bellwoods ave.



## SCRANTON COAL.

Chestnut, No. 4, Stove, Egg  
Grate, Blossburg.

Put your coal in before broken weather  
sets in and prices advance.

All Coal Screened.

**Hard and Soft Wood**

THE DOWNEY CO.

Foot Centre Street, Napanee, Ont.  
41891y

**HERE WE GO AGAIN**

Six more cheap excursions to

**VANCOUVER, VICTORIA and  
SAN FRANCISCO**

as well as to all points in British Columbia  
and California. Will leave Napa-  
nee on the following dates

**OCT. 22nd, NOV. 6th, and 19th.**

**DEC. 3rd, 17th, and 31st.**

Call or write W. D. MADDEN for rates  
and berths. Good sleeping cars in charge  
of special porters through to the coast.

Tickets sold to all parts of the world at  
lowest rates. Get our rates before buying  
a ticket to any point. Maps, time tables,  
ders, etc., on application.

Remember the place,

**W. D. MADDEN**

Authorized Agent of the C. P. R., Napanee.  
5189cm

**The Napanee Express**

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1889.

### Marriage Licenses

Issued by Ogden Hinch at Cheapside, (application  
strictly private and confidential.) 22881y

### R H Peters.

Auctioneer, Commissioner, Issuer of Marriage  
Licenses, etc., Enterprise. 4889ly

### Canfield Shorey,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,  
1589fm Camden East., Ont.

—We wish the readers of the EXPRESS a  
right Merry Christmas and a year of peace  
and plenty during 1890.

—Financial statements for the various  
municipalities are being published this  
week. The electors will soon have plenty  
of figures over which to puzzle their brains.

—A choice lot of jewelry embracing all of  
the novelties in rings, bracelets, brooches,  
&c., just to hand at F. W. Smith & Bro.  
These goods are just the thing for Christ-  
mas presents.

—Miss Eva Taylor, one of the most  
popular teachers in Napanee, was made  
the recipient of a handsome jewel case and  
an address from her pupils. The recogni-  
tion was well merited.

—W. E. Baker has recently put in a  
stock of choicest and latest designs of pic-  
ture frame mouldings and is prepared to  
frame pictures on the shortest notice and  
at prices to suit the times.

—Prof. Loissette's Memory System is  
creating greater interest than ever in all  
parts of the county, and persons wishing to  
improve their memory should send for his  
prospectus, free, as advertised in another  
column. 5189d

—W. E. Baker has recently put in a  
stock of choicest and latest designs of pic-  
ture frame mouldings, and is prepared to  
frame pictures on the shortest notice and  
at prices to suit the times.

—In table ware, such as knives, forks,  
spoons etc., we take the lead as we have  
the sole right of selling the best make, that  
is Reed & Martin's. Engraving free. F.  
Chinneck.

—Space will not permit of an extended  
notice regarding the death of the late Mrs.  
Mitchell. The circumstances are peculiar-  
ly sad and we extend our deepest sympathy  
to her husband, as well as to her father and  
mother.

—For sale.—One of the most comfort-  
able homes in Napanee. A good brick  
house, good barn, hard and soft water, gas,  
furnace and well situated. Easy terms of  
payment. A bargain for somebody. Apply  
at THE EXPRESS office.

—Nothing but words of praise have  
reached us regarding our Christmas Ex-  
PRESS. From all parts of the Province  
come compliments on the tasty appearance  
of our special number. The EXPRESS aims  
to keep in the lead, and we are encouraged  
to go on by the generous support that has  
been accorded us.

—Nominations on Amherst Island take  
place on Monday next, one week earlier  
than in the other municipalities of this  
County. It is currently reported that  
Robert Patterson, Esq., will be a candidate  
for the Reeveship. Other names are also  
mentioned, but Monday next will settle the  
question whether or not he is to have op-  
position.

—There will be the Annual Oyster Sup-  
per in the Anderson Church, North Freder-  
icksburgh, on New Years night. If you  
have ever attended one of these suppers you  
know that a good time can be relied on.  
Special pains will be taken to make this the  
best of the list. Further particulars next  
week.

—The N. T. & Q. is now an established  
fact, and close connection with the C. P. R.,  
east and west, can be made any day. Par-  
ties going to any point on the C. P. R.  
should try the new line. You can buy  
through tickets to Manitoba, British Co-  
lumbia and all points in the United States,  
over the N. T. & Q. and C. P. R., from W.  
D. Madden. Baggage checked to destina-

—We have been asked if we intended  
replying to the Beaver's scurrilous innuendos  
of last week, and our reply was "No. An  
innuendo is always cowardly and needs no  
reply."

—F. W. Smith & Bro., are the only  
manufacturing jewelers in this part of  
Ontario. If they haven't got what you  
want, they will make it for you on very  
short notice.

—There will be a free excursion from  
Tweed and other points to Napanee, on  
Monday next. Come to Napanee and see  
our fine stores and tempting bargains.  
The special train is expected to arrive in  
Napanee shortly after nine o'clock and will  
remain until about half past four. We  
trust that it will be crowded.

### Presentation.

Last evening about twenty young ladies  
called at the Western Methodist Church  
Parsonage, and requested to see Mrs. J. C.  
Drewry, who, with Mr. Drewry and others,  
was spending the evening with Mr. and  
Mrs. Johnson. They were ushered into the  
spacious drawing-room and presented Mrs.  
Drewry with a large framed photograph of  
her Bible class accompanied by the follow-  
ing address:—

Address to Mrs. J. C. Drewry from her Sabbath  
school class, on the occasion of her removal  
from Napanee to Toronto, December 1889.

MRS. J. C. DREWRY:

Dear Teacher and Friend.—On this the eve  
of your departure from our midst, we, the  
scholars of your Sabbath school class, desire to  
approach you with an expression of our feelings,  
which are those of mingled gladness and sorrow.

Gladness, because of the privilege enjoyed and  
blessings received under your faithful tuition in  
Holy things. Your instruction, so wise and deep,  
so kind and winning, has brought us into a richer  
experience of heart and life, than could other-  
wise have been ours. We have learned of Christ  
from you in such a measure, as we believe, will  
be a benediction to us while life shall last, and  
lead us finally to a higher place in His Celestial  
Kingdom.

Sorrow we experience because brought to the  
necessity of saying farewell. It is not possible  
for us to part with one we had so learned to love  
and esteem, without a sense of pain. Yet we  
doubt not God's hand is leading you, and that in  
some other church and school you will be made  
a blessing, as you have been here and to us.

Believing that while we have regarded you  
affectionately, you have also cared for us, we  
take the liberty of offering you this reminder of  
our faces, and ask that when you look upon this  
group, you will think of us as friends.

Our sincere desire and prayer is, that Our  
Father in Heaven may ever richly bless you and  
yours, with all the gifts of His Grace, and boun-  
ties of His Providence and that when we each  
have spent a useful life on earth, we may all  
meet in Heaven.

Yours,

YOUR BIBLE CLASS.

Mrs. Drewry made a feeling reply, in  
which she urged the class to follow Christ  
faithfully. After prayer by Rev. C. O.  
Johnston, a few minutes was spent in  
social intercourse and the young ladies  
withdrew. Mrs. Dr. Edwards, who takes  
charge of the class for the future, was also  
present.

### PERSONAL.

—H. V. Fralick has been laid up with a bad  
attack of neuralgia.

—Mrs. Eva Allison, of Picton, mother of Mrs.  
J. C. Drewry, is seriously ill.

—Rev. S. Card and wife, have gone to Brock-  
ville to spend the Christmas holidays.

—Mr. D. W. Fralick has been poorly since last  
September and lately has been confined to his  
house most of the time.

—W. A. Wilson, of Richmond, has just return-  
ed from Albert College where he has put in a  
highly successful term. He is taking two years  
Collegiate work in one, and at the examinations  
just held, Mr. Wilson came off with flying colors,  
passing in every subject.

—Word has been received from Toronto that  
Mort. Lane passed his first term examinations  
at the head of the list. He received the highest  
possible marks, one hundred per cent. His  
many Napanee friends will join with us in ex-



**New Goods**—You ought to see the new stock of Christmas Goods now arriving at the 7 Cent Store in toys, crockery, glassware, vases, china cups and saucers, mouth organs, dolls, knives, purses, toy tea sets, toy furniture, drums, steam engines, and thousands of new novelties. West of the Campbell house.

—A. S. Kimmery still takes the lead; 13 lbs extra granulated sugar for \$1; best Coal oil, 15 cts. per gallon; fine mixed candy, 2 lbs for 25 cts; choice 50 cent tea, 25 cts; good tea, 15 cts. I have also a stock of the finest Western flour always on hand, and am selling away below all others. 17 lbs, new currants, \$1. It will pay you to call and see our stock. Remember I will not undersold.

—Cash boy wanted. Apply to Lahey & McKenty.

—Wanted.—To purchase. a small brick house. Apply at THE EXPRESS office.

—Two farms to rent.—Apply at once to J. C. Drewry, at the Napanee EXPRESS office.

—For sale—A first class brick house in thorough repair. For particulars apply at THE EXPRESS office. adv. tf.

—A quantity of picket fence for sale at a bargain. In good repair, posts and all complete. Apply at THE EXPRESS office. tf.

—W. E. Baker has recently put in a stock of choicest and latest designs of picture frame mouldings and is prepared to frame pictures on the shortest notice and at prices to suit the times.

—F. W. Smith & Bro., of the Napanee Jewelry Store are just entering upon their twenty-first business year in Napanee, and this Christmas they lead the trade, as they have always done, and they are fully prepared to cane Ministers, Editors, or other public characters, with their gold and silver headed canes. adv

—Send to 9 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, for a Free Sample copy of the Fireside Weekly, a finely illustrated and interesting story paper, and so realize what an extraordinary offer we are making when we agree to send both the NAPANEE EXPRESS and Fireside Weekly for \$2.25 when the Fireside alone is \$2 a year. Now is the time to subscribe and receive the benefit of this great offer.

—Note this—to new subscribers we will send The Napanee EXPRESS and that spicy publication the Detroit Free Press—for four months to any address in Canada or the United States for forty cents. Only ten cents a month for two splendid newspapers. The EXPRESS and Detroit Free Press to anyone for one year for \$1.75. Send in your orders.

—The improved Pease Furnace has a larger heating capacity than any other warm air furnace invented. The fire pots are heavier than those of any other. All parts above the cast iron fire pot are made of heavy wrought Scotch plate steel. Nine tenths of the furnaces put up in Toronto where they are made, and three-fourths in Napanee are the Pease furnaces. Proof positive they are the best. BOYLE & SON, Sole Agents.

—The Christmas number of the Globe has been received and words completely fail us as we attempt a description of this most artistic number. Mr. C. W. Taylor, the business manager of the Globe, deserves the highest credit for his undertaking and successfully publishing such a beautiful work. The two plates "Friends" and "Canadian Militia" are gems; the press work, illustrations and paper are just what they ought to be, and Mr. Taylor can congratulate himself on having produced the finest Christmas number ever offered to the Canadian public.

Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

tion. Low rates. good accommodation.

—Word was received here on Wednesday that Mark R. Hanover, one of the waterworks contractors, had died at New York city. Mr. Hanover had made many friends in Napanee during his visits to this place and, had won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Hanover's death will not interfere with the completion of the waterworks in accordance with the terms of the contract.

—A clock that will keep good time is necessary in every home. You can buy one from F. W. Smith & Bro., at astonishingly low prices.

—There will be a grand Conversazione and Concert in aid of the R. C. church Centreville, on Wednesday evening, January 8th, 1890. An efficient orchestra will furnish good dance music. Dancing all the evening after the concert. Refreshments served. Tickets forty cents, or seventy-five cents for a lady and gentleman. Rev. Father Hartigan invites everybody to participate.

THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST improves every year, both in appearance, illustrations, colored plates and reading matter. Every fruit grower, gardener and farmer should have it. The editor is a practical fruit grower, and the other writers are the leading practical gardeners and fruit growers in Ontario. One dollar, addressed to the editor, Grimsby, Ont, secures this monthly, the interesting Annual Report of the Fruit Growers, and a choice of plants for testing. 2-2in.

—Watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, and spectacles. The cheapest place in Napanee is at Chinneck's.

—Bills have been issued for a grand Anniversary Tea meeting to be held in the Hawley Methodist church on New Year's Eve, December 31st. A platform meeting will take place immediately after the tea, and good speeches are promised. The Anniversary sermons will be preached on Sunday, December 29th 1889, by Rev. A. B. Chambers, and others. Rev. H. I. Allen is the pastor of the Hawley church, a sufficient guarantee that everything will be run on right principles.

—Next Monday evening the Annual Concert given in aid of the poor of the town, will be held in the Town Hall. There will be a choice programme, both literary and musical, and all who attend will be sure of receiving good value for their money. In addition to other attractions, Rev. C. O. Johnston will sing a song and play his own accompaniment on a guitar. By going to the Concert you will be aiding a worthy cause. Don't fail to attend, but if you cannot go, buy a ticket anyway. Let the Poor Fund Concert be the biggest success of the season.

—Read the advertisement of F. W. Smith & Bro. They offer great bargains in Watches and Silverware. Wouldn't your wife like a nice watch for a Christmas present?

—A large number of farmers go from Lennox to Deseronto to attend market and do their trading. Some effort should be made to draw these parties to Napanee, and we believe that a step in the right direction would be the abolition of market fees. The matter of five cents does not appear to be much, but all the same it sends a good many farmers to Deseronto, where they have a free market. The loss to the merchants is considerable, and we believe that they would be consulting their own interest if they would agitate for a free market. A trip to the Deseronto market on any Saturday will satisfy anyone that our statement is correct.

tending heartiest congratulations.

## DIED.


MITCHELL—At Toronto, on Tuesday, December 17th, 1889, Fannie Marie, wife of J. A. Mitchell, and daughter of W. N. Hossey, Esq., of Napanee, aged 25 years.

WILLIAMS—Shortly after midnight on Tuesday December 17th, at 30 Maitland st., Toronto in great peace, the Rev. John A. Williams, D. D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, in the 72nd year of his age.

## MARRIED.

WALKER—BELL—By the Rev. S. A. Dugan, of Frankford, at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. Isaiah H. Walker, of Deseronto, to Ella B., youngest daughter of Samuel Bell, Esq., of Ernesttown.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND TO THIS EYE, EYE MORE



**One of the BEST Telescopes in the world.** Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$3 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

# SCHEDULE

Returned to the Clerk of the Peace

Name of Prosecutor.	Name of Defendant.	Nat
J. M. Smith.....	Amos Spencer.....	Selling liquo
do .....	Mrs. A. Spencer...	do
do .....	Thos. Fleming....	Selling Ligh
Charles Scott.....	Ellen Crow.....	Indecent exp
W. A. Rose.....	Elizabeth Wycott	Selling Liqu
John H. Wood.....	Herbert Robinson	Insulting la
do .....	do do	Common as
Joseph Sproule....	Miles Martin.....	Insulting la
Edward Babcock....	James Hillier.....	Assault.....
W. C. Jenkins.....	Maxwell Lapum....	Assault.....
do .....	do do	Malicious in
James Booth.....	Robt. McGuinness	Assault and
Henry Clark.....	Robert Smith.....	Assault.....
do .....	do .....	Disturbing P
Corp. of Newburgh	R. B. Hope.....	Violation of
Jeremiah Storms..	Levi Kelly.....	do
David York.....	James Lennon....	Drunk and d
Jeremiah Storms..	Henry Shewman...	Drunkennes
do do	John S. Sagar.....	Drunk and d
do do	James Roe.....	Vagrancy...
David York.....	Thomas Donnelly...	Drunkennes
Jeremiah Storms..	William Flanagan	do
do do	Robert Grange....	Drunk and d
do do	William Bradford	do
do do	James Shane.....	Drunkennes
do do	Ephraim Babcock	do
do do	Thomas Grey.....	Vagrancy...
David York.....	H. J. McCabe.....	Drunk and d
Jeremiah Storms..	James Mowers....	Drunkennes
do do	Thomas Jones....	Drunk and d
do do	do .....	Assaulting J
do do	do .....	Assaulting I
W. A. Rose.....	Peter Amey.....	Infraction I
do .....	do .....	do
Robert W. Saul....	Fred Schryver....	Assault.....
Geo. Wittington....	Samuel Howard...	do .....
Jeremiah Storms..	Charles Daly.....	Drunk and
do do	do .....	do
William Bell.....	Wesley Johnston	do
Patrick McCann....	George McCann....	Dangerous l
Jeremiah Storms..	Robert Husband...	Drunk and d
P. Vanluven.....	Arthur Basten....	Drunk and d
William Perry.....	Dorland Pringle...	Disturbing
Jeremiah Storms..	James Roe.....	Vagrant.....
William Bell.....	Benjamin Leary...	do
Fanny Hill.....	John Hill.....	Abusive lan

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON, NAPANEE DECEMBER



# FREE EXCURSION

PER N. T. & Q. FROM

## Tweed and Intervening Points TO NAPANEE.

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 23rd,

A special free excursion train will leave Tweed at 6.15 a.m., arriving in Napanee at 9.30. Returning will leave Napanee at 5 p.m.

ALL INTENDING BUYERS OF

# DRY GOODS & CLOTHING

ARE INVITED TO VISIT

"The Popular Dry Goods House,"

# LAHEY & MCKENTY

RENNIE BLOOM,

And secure some of the special Christmas bargains to be offered on that day.

In thanking our many friends for their very generous patronage, (amounting to the largest year's business we ever had), we wish them all

**A Merry and a Happy Xmas**

And hope to see each and every one of them in the next few days.

**LAHEY & MCKENTY**

## FILE OF SUMMARY CONVICTIONS.

for the County of Lennox and Addington for the Quarter ending the 10th day of December, A.D., 1889

Nature of Charge.	Date of Conviction.	Name of Convicting Justice.	Amount of Penalty.	Time When paid or to be paid to said Justice.	To whom paid over by said Justice.	If not paid why not and general observation, if any.
liquor without license.....	Oct. 22	James Aylsworth.....	\$ 50 00.....	Nov 5.....	.....	Not paid warrant of commitment issued.
do do .....	Oct. 26	do do .....	50 00.....	Nov 5.....	.....	do do .....
liquor during prohibited exposure .....	Oct. 26	do do .....	20 00.....	Forthwith ..	J M Smith License Inspector	.....
liquor without License.....	Sept. 18	H. S. Davy and A. Storms.	10 00.....	do ..	Committed to jail.....	Six months.....
language.....	Oct. 12	do do .....	50 00.....	20 days.....	Paid to License Inspector.....	.....
assault.....	Sept. 20	H. S. Davy.....	1 00.....	Forthwith ..	to comp. to Tp. Treas ..	.....
language.....	Sept. 20	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	Township Treasurer.....	.....
language.....	Sept. 27	do .....	2 00.....	do ..	to comp. to Tp. Treas.....	.....
language.....	Oct. 1	do .....	50.....	do ..	Township Treasurer.....	.....
language.....	Oct. 7	Anson Storms.....	\$1 & costs or 20 days.....	do ..	do do ..	.....
injury to property.....	Dec. 7	do .....	fine \$1. dam. \$10 & cost 20 dy	do ..	Fine to Tp. Treas dam. to comp	.....
and battery.....	Sept. 11	P. W. Dafee.....	4 40.....	Sept 12.....	.....	Not paid.....
g Religious Worship .....	Oct. 15	J. A. Shibley .....	5 00.....	Forthwith ..	Remitted.....	.....
of By-Law.....	Sept. 20	L. C. Spafford.....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
do .....	Sept. 10	T. G. Carscallen.....	1 00.....	Time ext'd	Treas. of Newburgh.....	.....
d disorderly.....	Sept. 17	do .....	1 00.....	Forthwith ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....
less.....	Sept. 12	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
d disorderly.....	Sept. 20	E. S. Lapum.....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
less.....	Sept. 24	T. G. Carscallen.....	2 00.....	not paid.....	Imprisoned.....	.....
less.....	Sept. 27	do do .....	1 00.....	Time ext'd	.....	.....
d disorderly.....	Oct. 3	do do .....	1 00.....	Forthwith ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....
do .....	Oct. 7	do do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
do .....	Oct. 10	do do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
less.....	Oct. 12	do do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
do .....	Oct. 14	do do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
d disorderly.....	Oct. 18	do do .....	not paid.....	Inprisoned.....	.....	.....
less.....	Oct. 21	do do .....	do ..	do ..	.....	.....
d disorderly.....	Oct. 26	do do .....	1 00.....	Forthwith ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....
less.....	Oct. 28	T. G. Carscallen, E. S. Lapum	5 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
g J. Storms.....	Oct. 28	do do .....	5 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
g D. York.....	Oct. 28	do do .....	5 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
Liquor License Act.....	Sept. 21	James Daly.....	10 00.....	10 days.....	W A Rose 5th Oct.....	.....
do do .....	Sept. 21	do .....	10 00.....	10 days.....	do do ..	.....
do .....	Sept. 26	do .....	2 00.....	Forthwith ..	County Treasurer.....	.....
do .....	Sept. 29	do .....	1 00.....	10 days.....	do ..	.....
d disorderly.....	Oct. 14	do .....	20 00.....	Forthwith ..	Committed.....	.....
do .....	Oct. 14	do .....	20 00.....	Forthwith ..	do ..	.....
do .....	Nov. 14	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....
is lunatic.....	Nov. 14	do .....	Committed.....	.....	.....	.....
d disorderly.....	Nov. 16	do .....	1 00.....	Forthwith ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....
d obscene language.....	Nov. 16	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	County Treasurer.....	.....
g Religious Worship .....	Nov. 29	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	.....	Appealed.....
language.....	Dec. 26	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	Committed.....	.....
language.....	Dec. 4	do .....	1 00.....	do ..	do ..	.....
language.....	Dec. 10	do .....	4 00.....	do ..	Town Treasurer.....	.....

**NAPANE**

**EXT**

Contain

**BOWELL**



**EX**

Contain

**BOWELL**

**LOVE**

**FOR SALE HE**

**NEE EXP**

**XTRAS**

Containing a full account of the

**HI-STEV**

# EXTRAS

Containing a full account of the

# ELL-STEW VE AFFA

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## HERE.

## Price



# XPRESS

# AS

of the

# TEVENSON

**AS.**

of the

# **TEVENSON FAIR**

---

**Price 5 Cents.**